

CROWN

COMICS

NO. 4

10c

P.O.C.





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

**For Every Real
American
Boy and Girl!**

**NEW
THE AMERICAN RANGER
GLOWLIGHT**

**EDUCATIONAL
AND
Easy
TO
BUILD**

**No Batteries
No Bulbs
Works by
MYSTERY GLOW**

**GIVEN MORSE CODE
and SEMAPHORE
ALPHABET CHART
WITH EACH
GLOWLIGHT**



AMERICAN RANGER GLOWLIGHT

Here it is Boys and Girls. THE AMERICAN RANGER GLOWLIGHT that works without BULBS OR BATTERIES. It GLOWS IN THE DARK and you can SPOT different objects. Its MYSTERY GLOW is soft and faint so the enemy can't see you at great distances. You can give SEMAPHORE and MORSE CODE SIGNALS in the dark and have lots of fun. It takes but a few minutes to assemble. Complete instructions with each Glowlight. Be the first in your neighborhood to get one. SO HURRY, SEND for YOURS TODAY. \$1.00 FOR ONE; TWO FOR \$1.75.

**Send
NO
MONEY**

GLOWLIGHT CO. Dept. CRG
333 S. Market St.
Chicago 6, Ill.

**RUSH
COUPON**

Please Send At Once THE AMERICAN RANGER GLOWLIGHT with MORSE CODE and SEMAPHORE ALPHABET CHART. On arrival I will pay postman \$1.00 plus few cents postage and C.O.D. fee. When remittance is enclosed with order WE PAY all postage charges.

☐ TWO for \$1.75

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____ BOX _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

GLOWLIGHT CO. 333 S. Market St. Chicago 6, Ill.

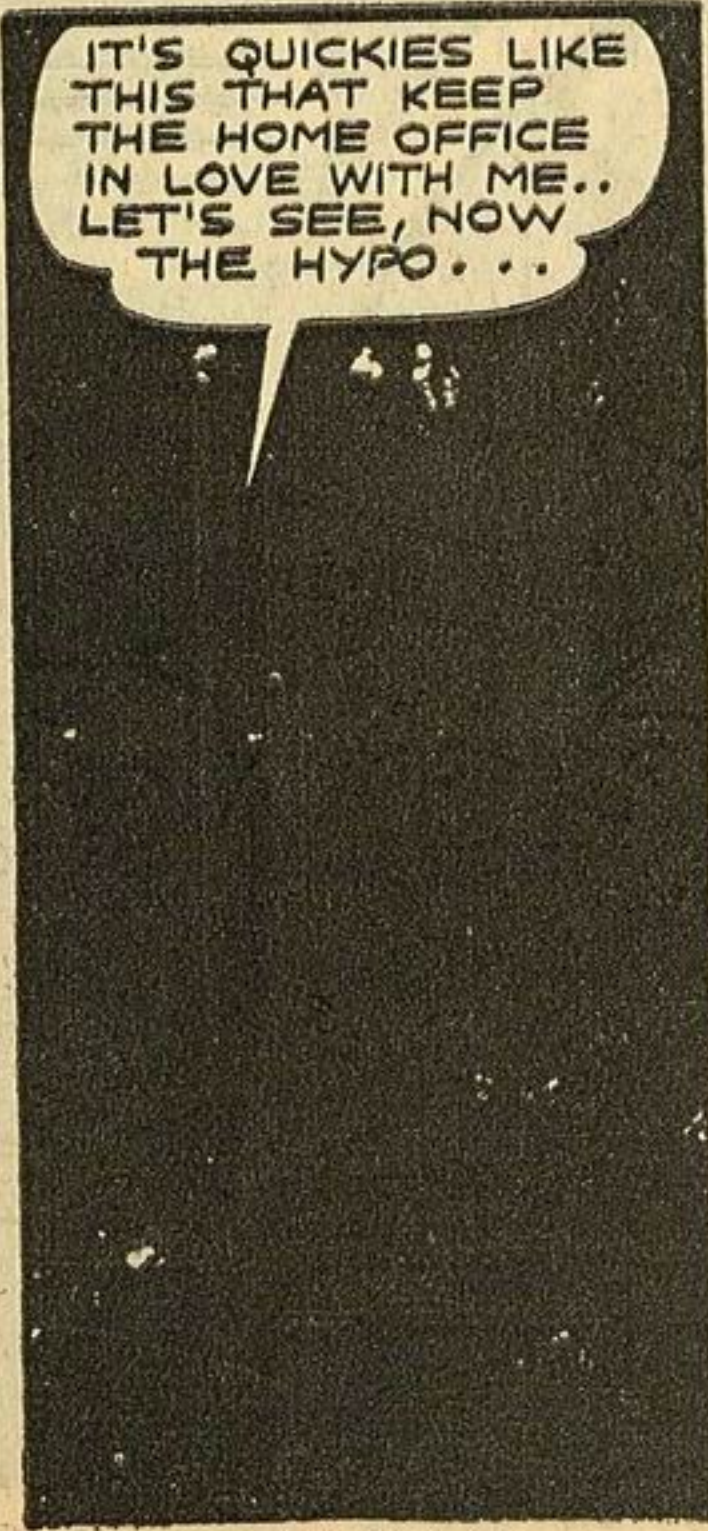
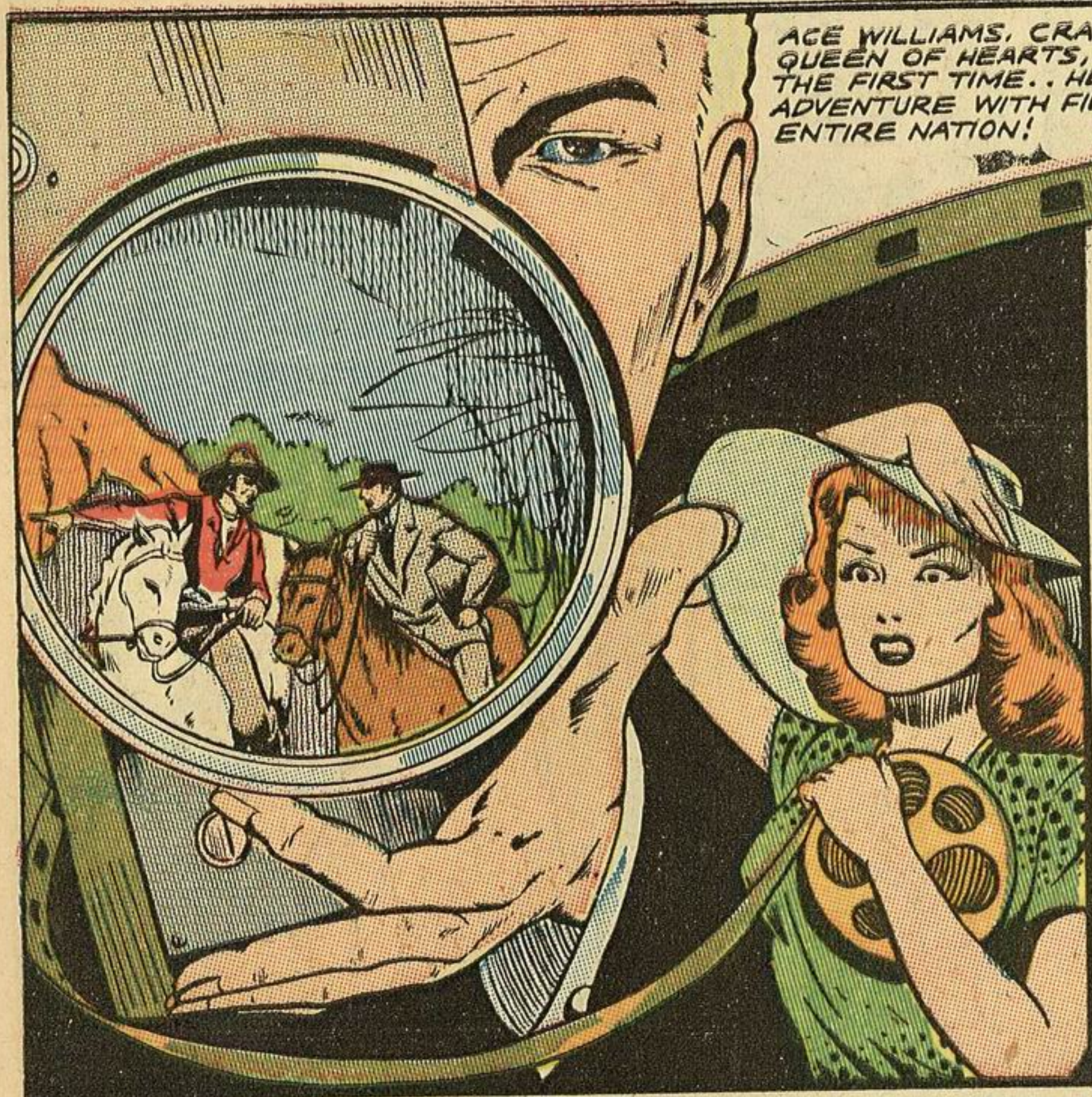
Crown Comics Winter Issue, Volume 1, #4. Published quarterly at 163 Pratt Street, Meriden, Conn. Editorial office Golfing, Inc., 407 So. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill. Entered as second class matter March 15, 1945, at the post office at Meriden, Connecticut, under the Act March 3, 1879. Single copies 10¢. Yearly subscriptions 75¢. Printed in U. S. A. Copyright 1945 by Golfing, Inc.

ACE

OF THE NEWSREELS



ACE WILLIAMS, CRACK CAMERAMAN, AND FOGGY, QUEEN OF HEARTS, APPEAR IN COMICS FOR THE FIRST TIME... HERE'S A THRILL-PACKED ADVENTURE WITH FILM THAT SHOOK AN ENTIRE NATION!





I'M LOOKING FOR MISTER WILLIAMS.

LISTEN, LADY, YOU JUST FOGGED A VERY IMPORTANT PICTURE, BARGING INTO MY DARK ROOM LIKE THAT. . OH, WHAT'S THE USE.. I'M ACE WILLIAMS.

HOME OFFICE SENT ME. I'M YOUR NEW ASSISTANT.

YOU!? SOMEBODY PUT AN INDIAN SIGN ON ME TODAY. I ASKED FOR SOMEBODY WHO.. WHO..



.. MY NAME IS JESSICA FRANCES GIBBONS.

ONLY A GAL WITH A MONICKER LIKE THAT WOULD FOG UP A SCOOP SHOT. . I'LL NEVER REMEMBER THAT YARDSTICK. MIND IF I TAB YOU ONE OF MY OWN?



WHY, NO! NO, NOT AT ALL, MR. WILLIAMS.

THANKS, FOGGY!

BY THE WAY, THE BOSS GAVE ME AN ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU, SOME SOUTH AMERICAN LOCALE.. PERONIA.. EVER HEAR OF IT?



DARK ROOM

PERONIA! HOT DOG!

EVER HEAR OF IT? WASN'T I THE ONE WHO PERSONALLY WARNED THEIR PRESIDENT THAT HE'D BETTER INVESTIGATE A FAST GROWING PACK OF REVOLUTIONISTS! SO NOW I HAVE TO GO AND DIG THEM OUT WITH MY TRUSTY LITTLE CAMERA!. A PLEASURE!



GOSH.. YOU MAKE IT SOUND EXCITING!

THREE HOURS LATER, AND THREE THOUSAND FEET HIGHER. . .

WHY SO GROUCHY? I THOUGHT YOU LIKED THE ASSIGNMENT.

PERONIA IS ROUGH COUNTRY AND SO ARE THE THUGS INVOLVED IN ITS REVOLUTION. . IT'S NO PLACE FOR A GAL!

... THEN FINALLY... PERONIA!

THEES WAY, SENORITA.

SEE YOU LATER, MR. WILLIAMS.

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!

RIGHT, FOGGY.

FIFTEEN RAPID MINUTES PASS AND. . .

NOW TO LOCATE A TAXI. . THEN OFF TO WORK I GO. ALONE!

THAT'S HIM. FOLLOW THAT TAXI, DRIVER!

SI, SENORITA.

YOU COME VEERY HIGH IN HILLS, SENOR, BUT YOU FIND BEAUTIFUL CONTREE HERE FOR PICTURES.

I HOPE I FIND MORE THAN THAT

WORKING HARD? THOUGHT YOU MIGHT NEED SOME EXTRA FILM!

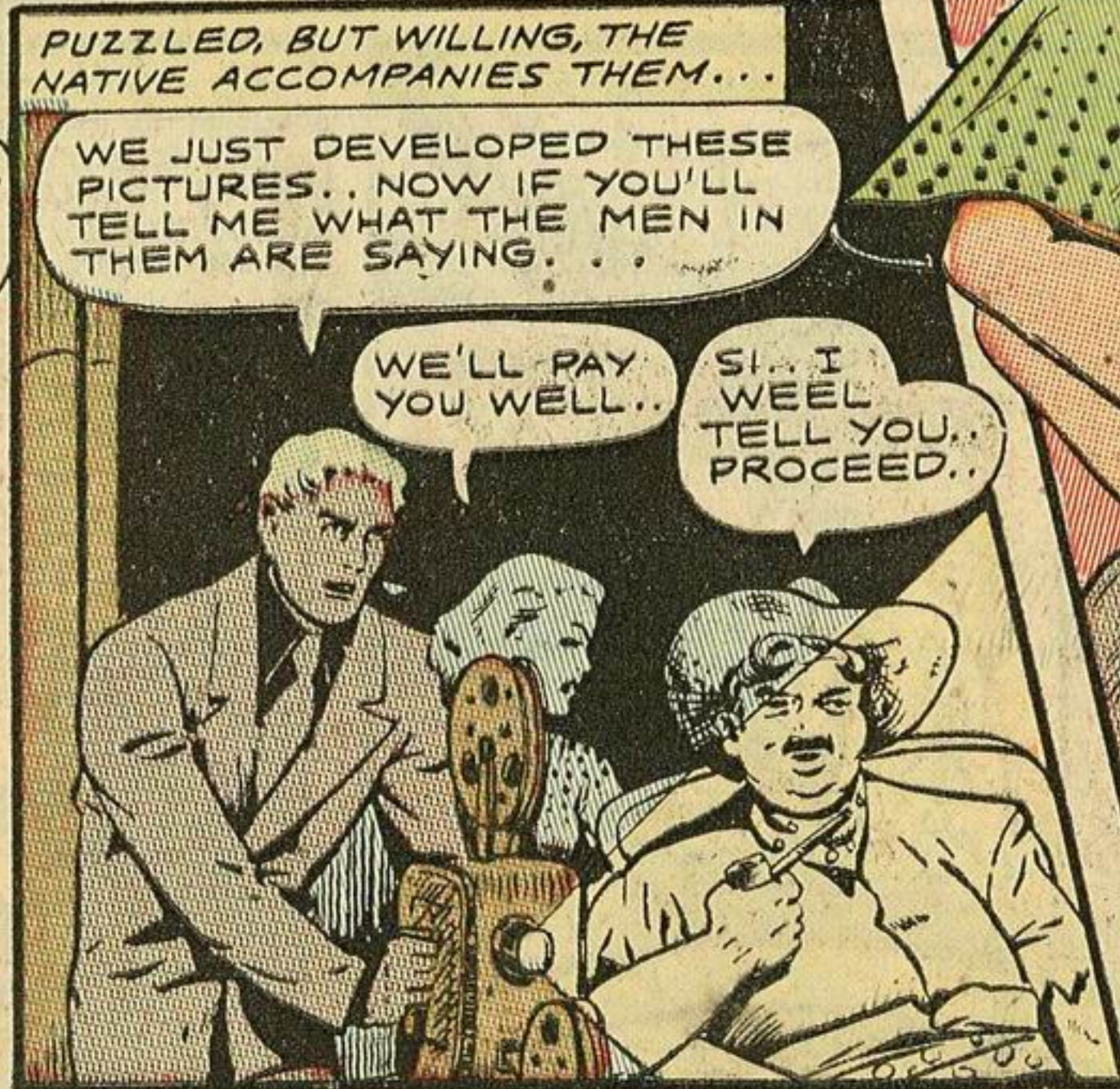
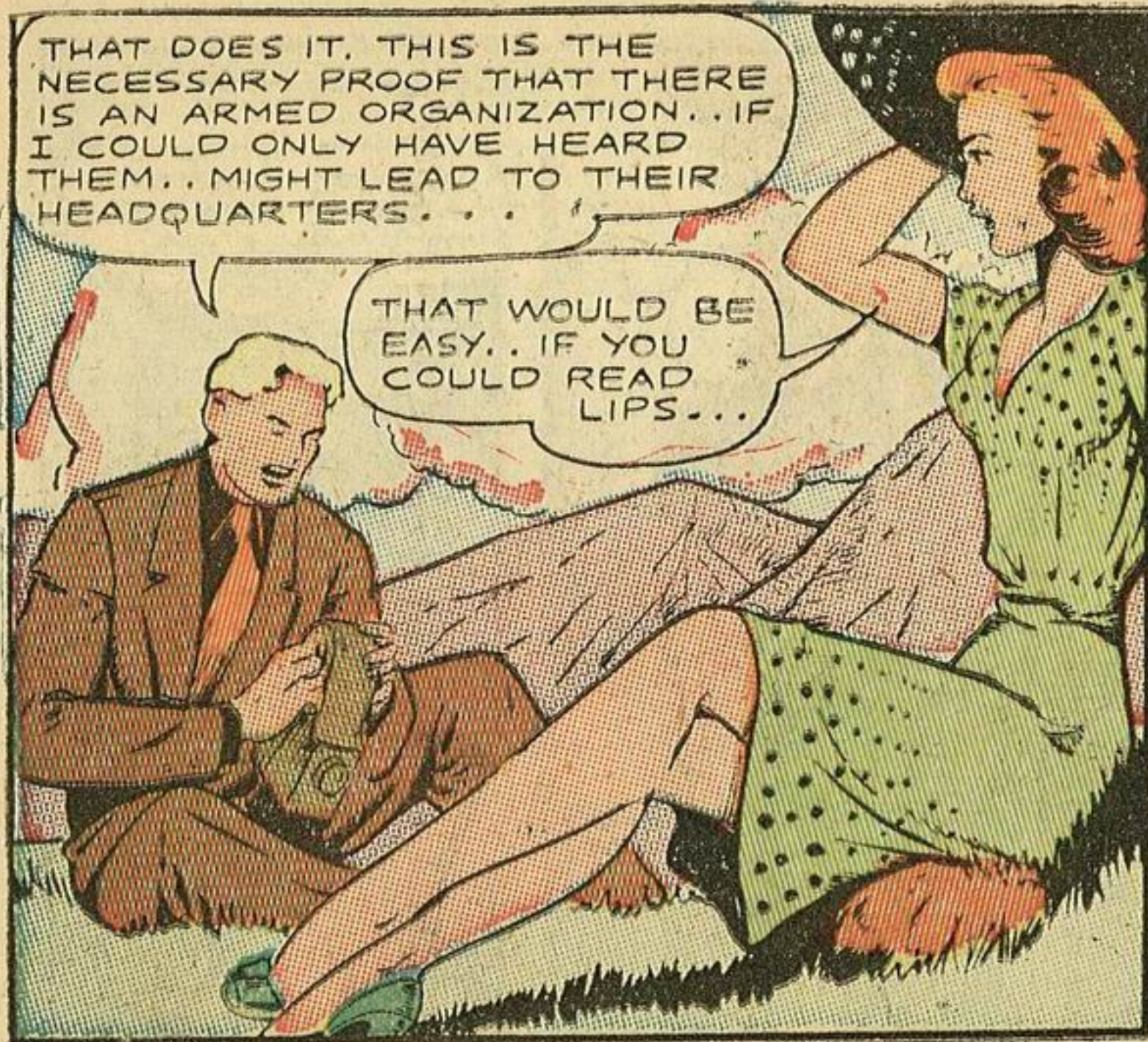
YOU!

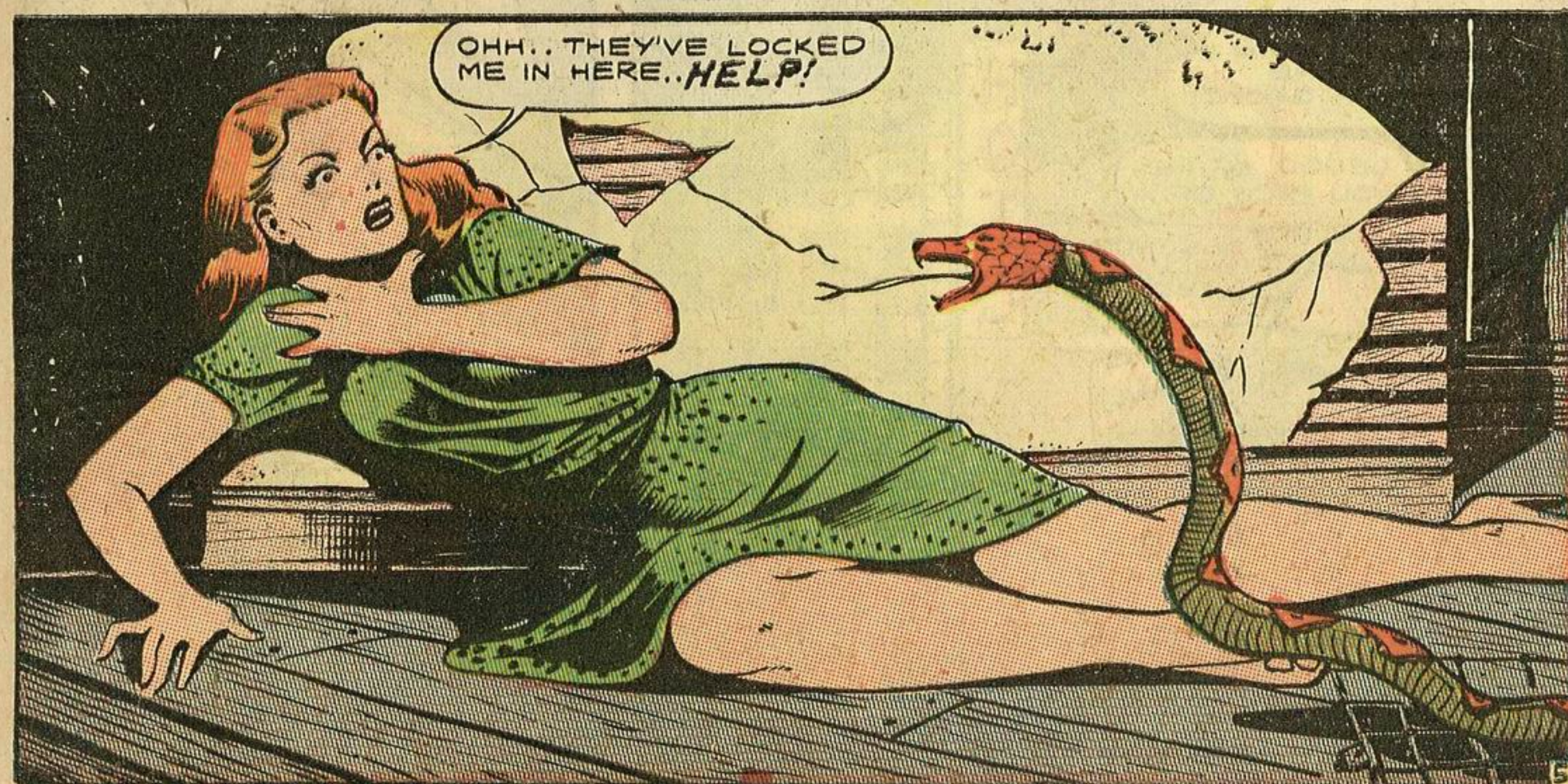
LOOK! MEN ON HORSEBACK!

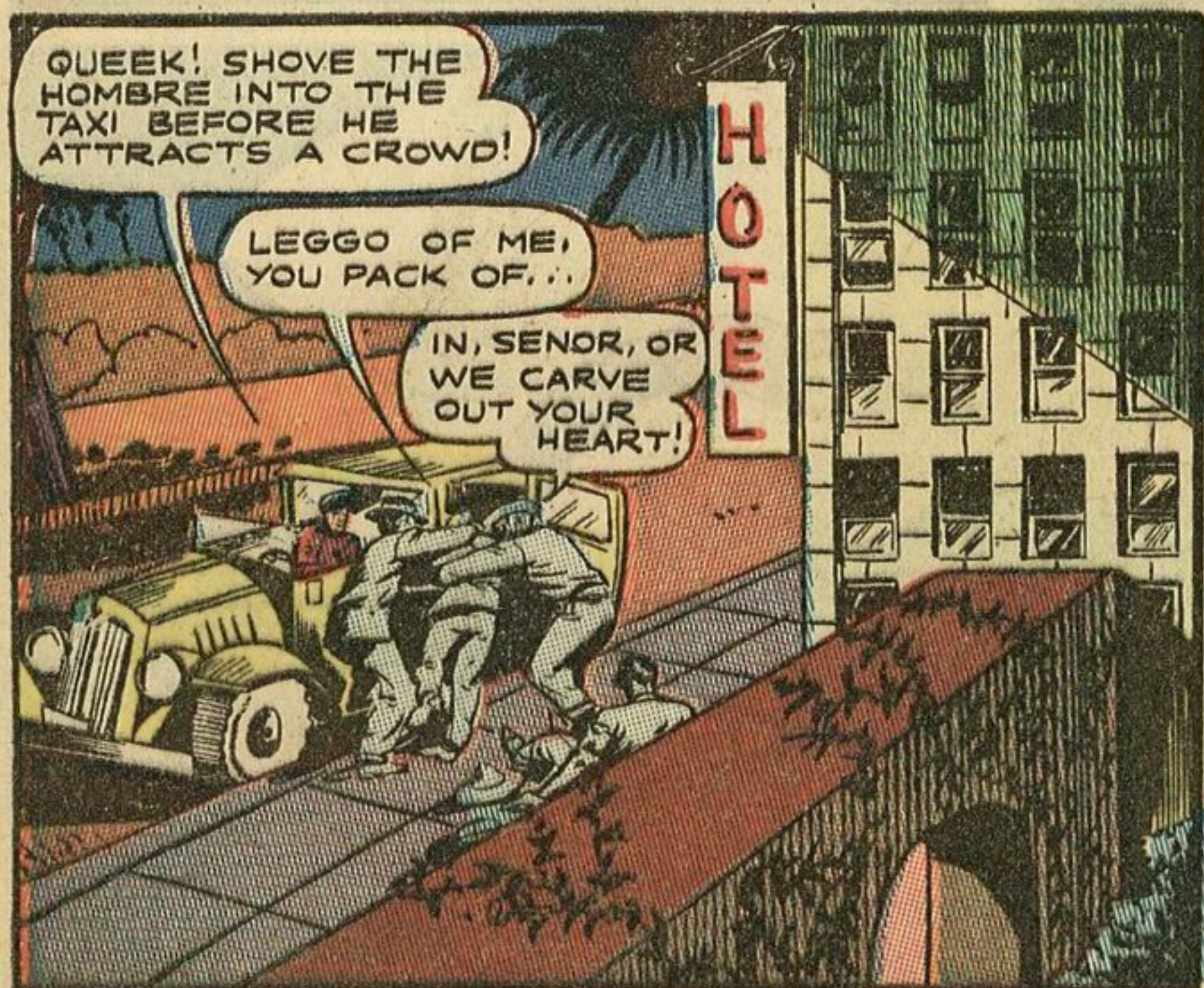
GET DOWN!

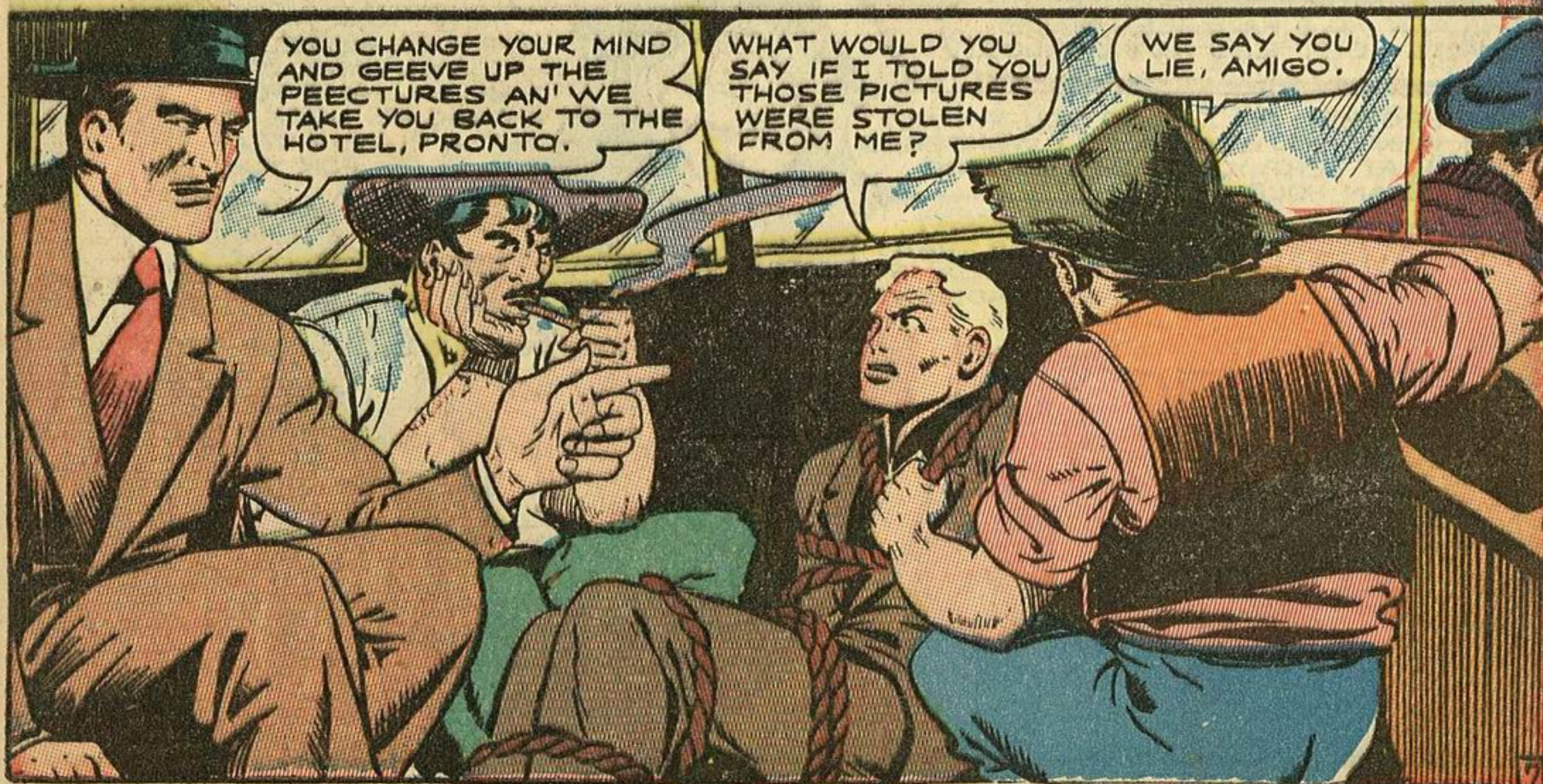
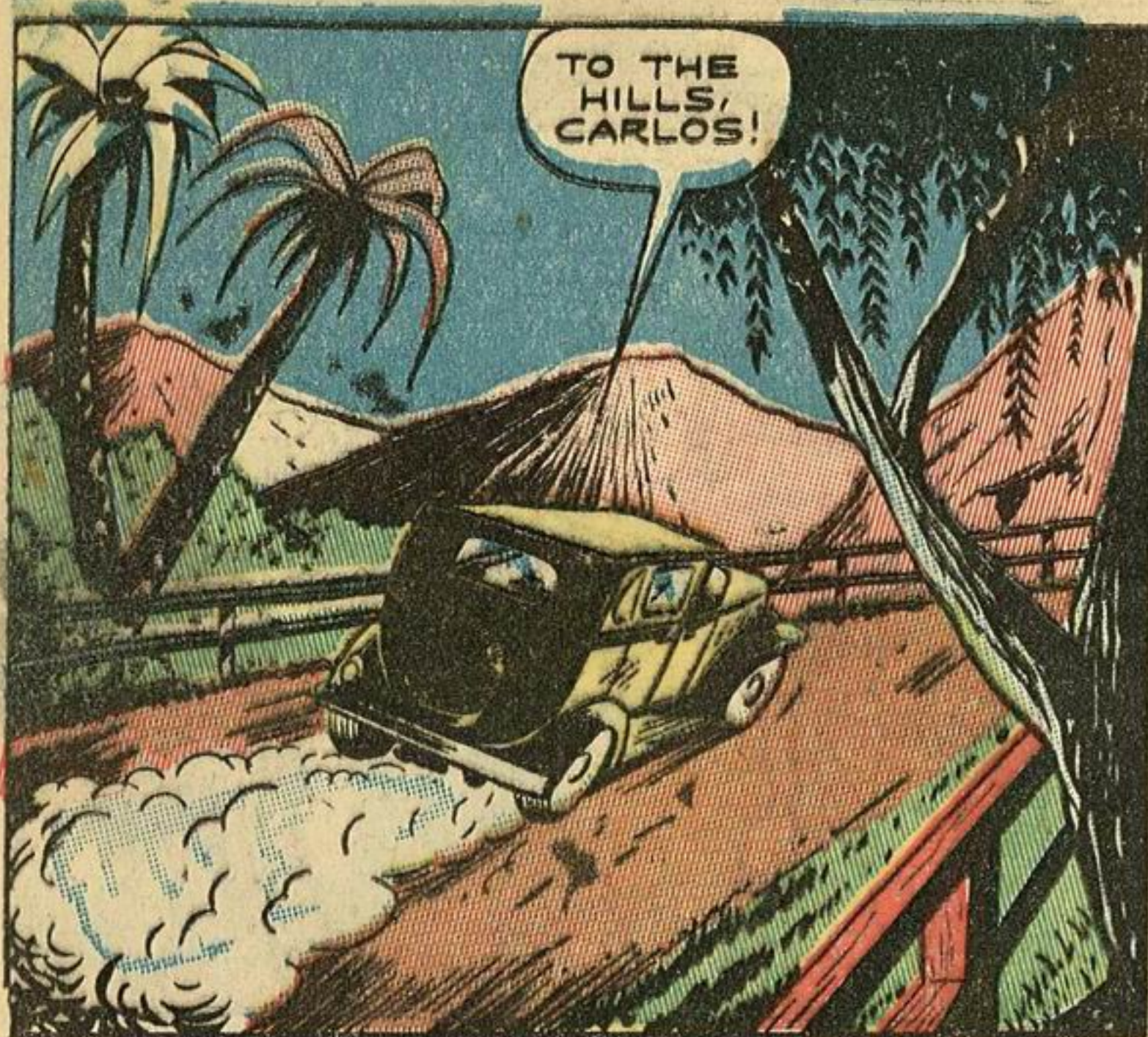
DID YOU GET IT?

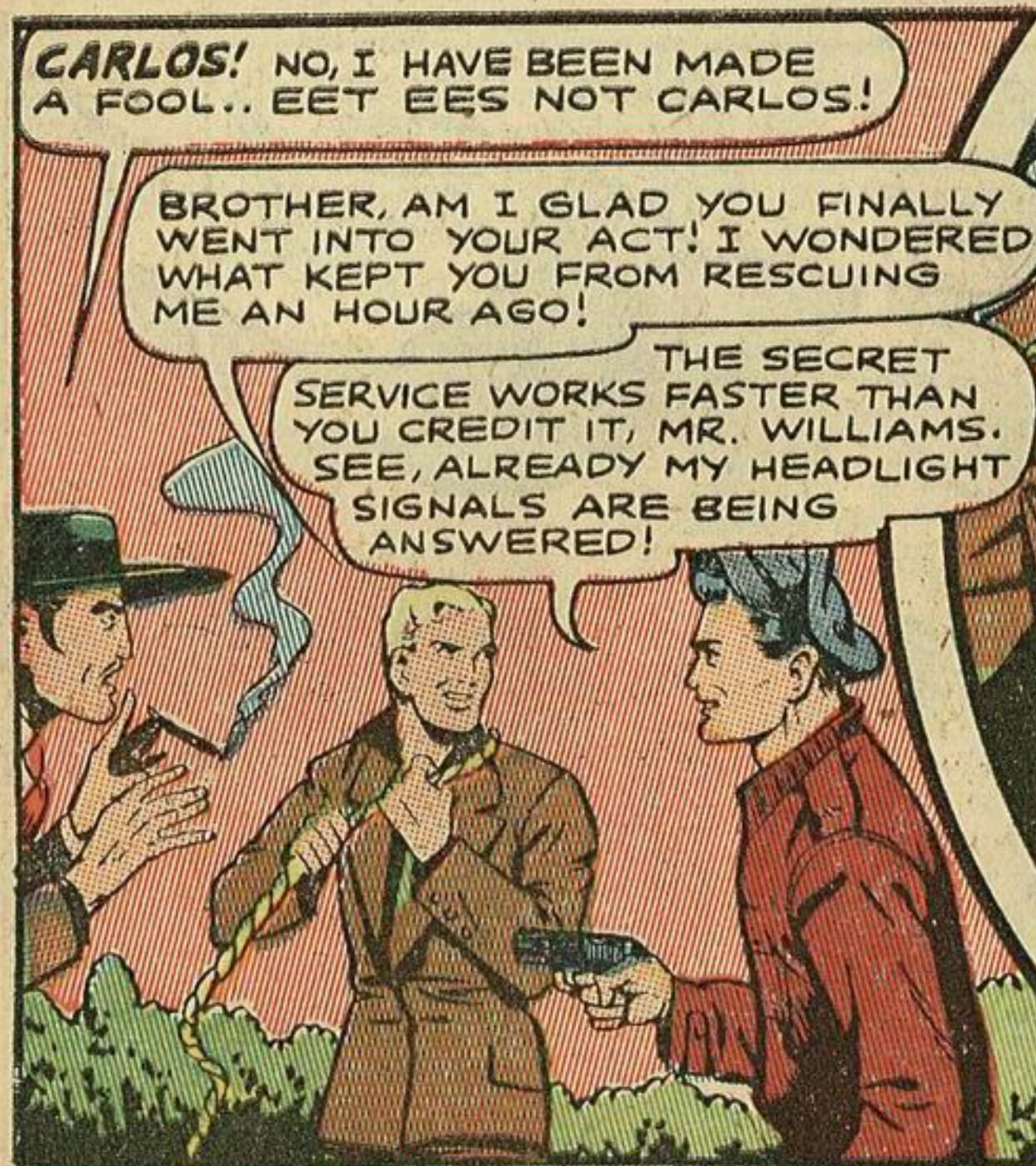
THIS TELESCOPIC LENS CAN SHOOT ANYTHING... BUT NOT THROUGH A HAT! PUSH OVER!

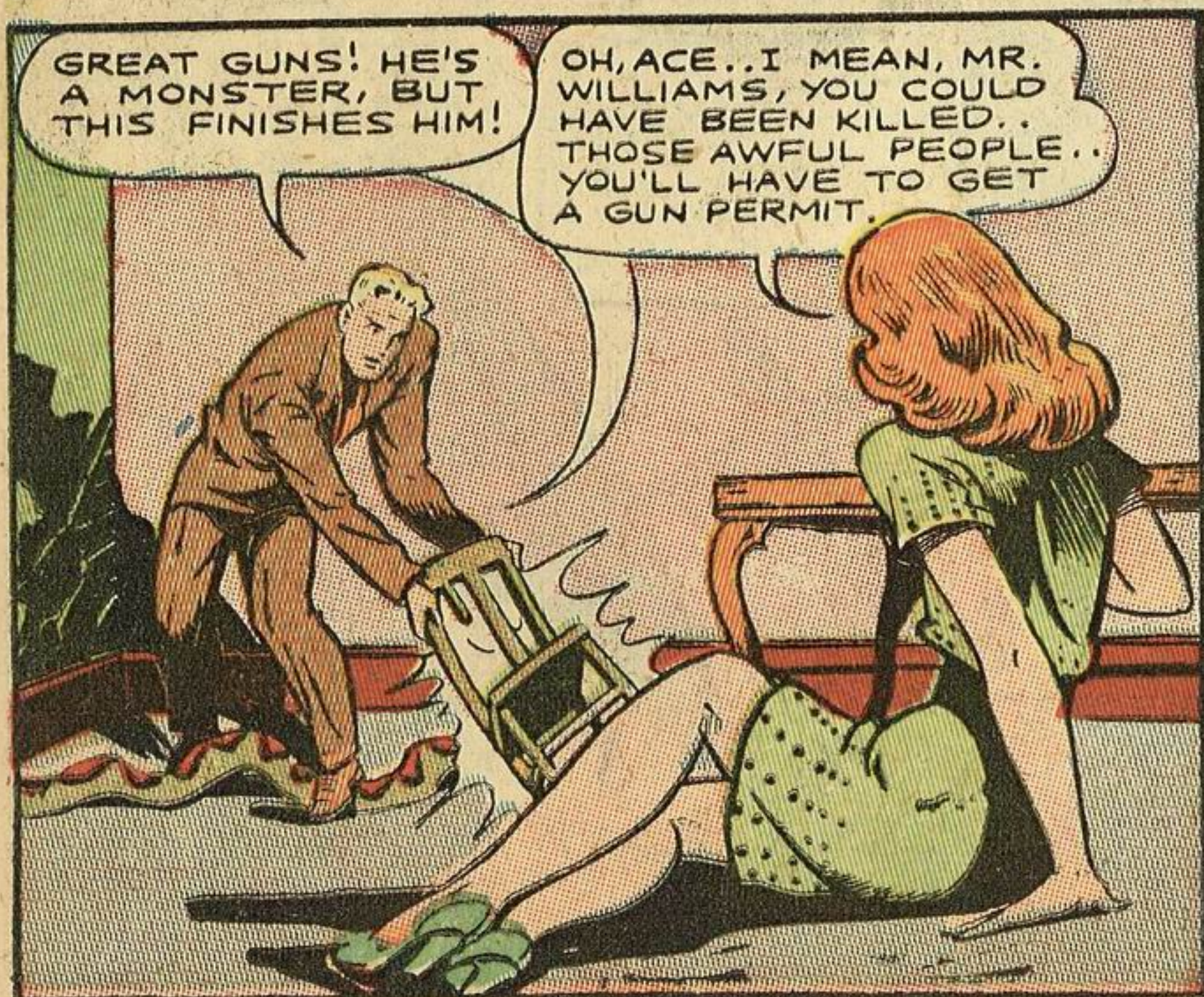
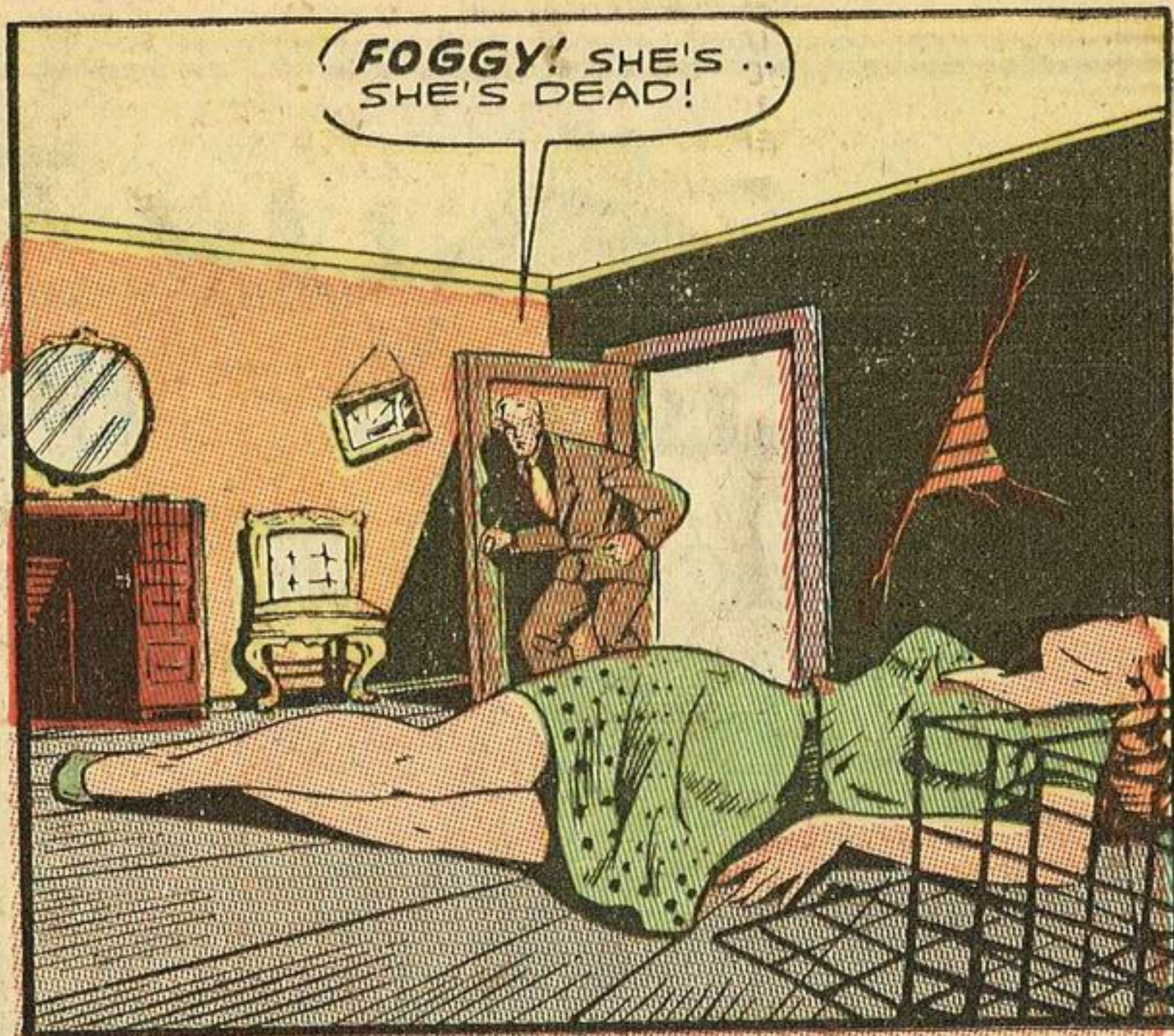


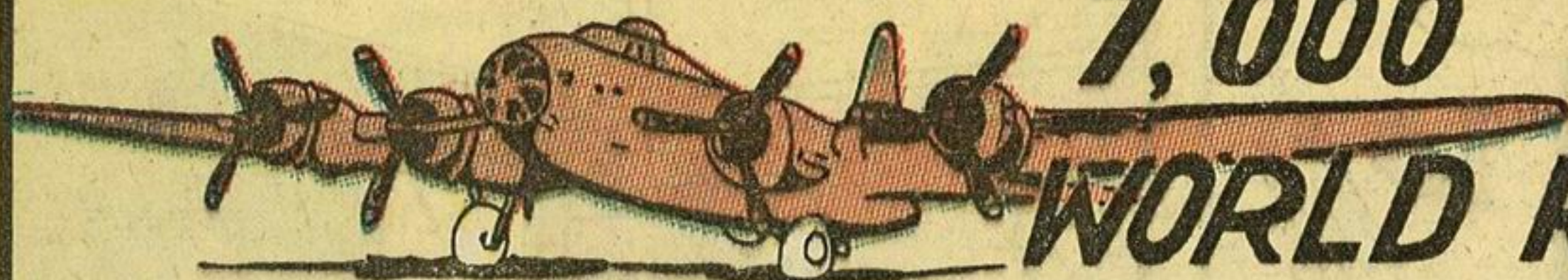






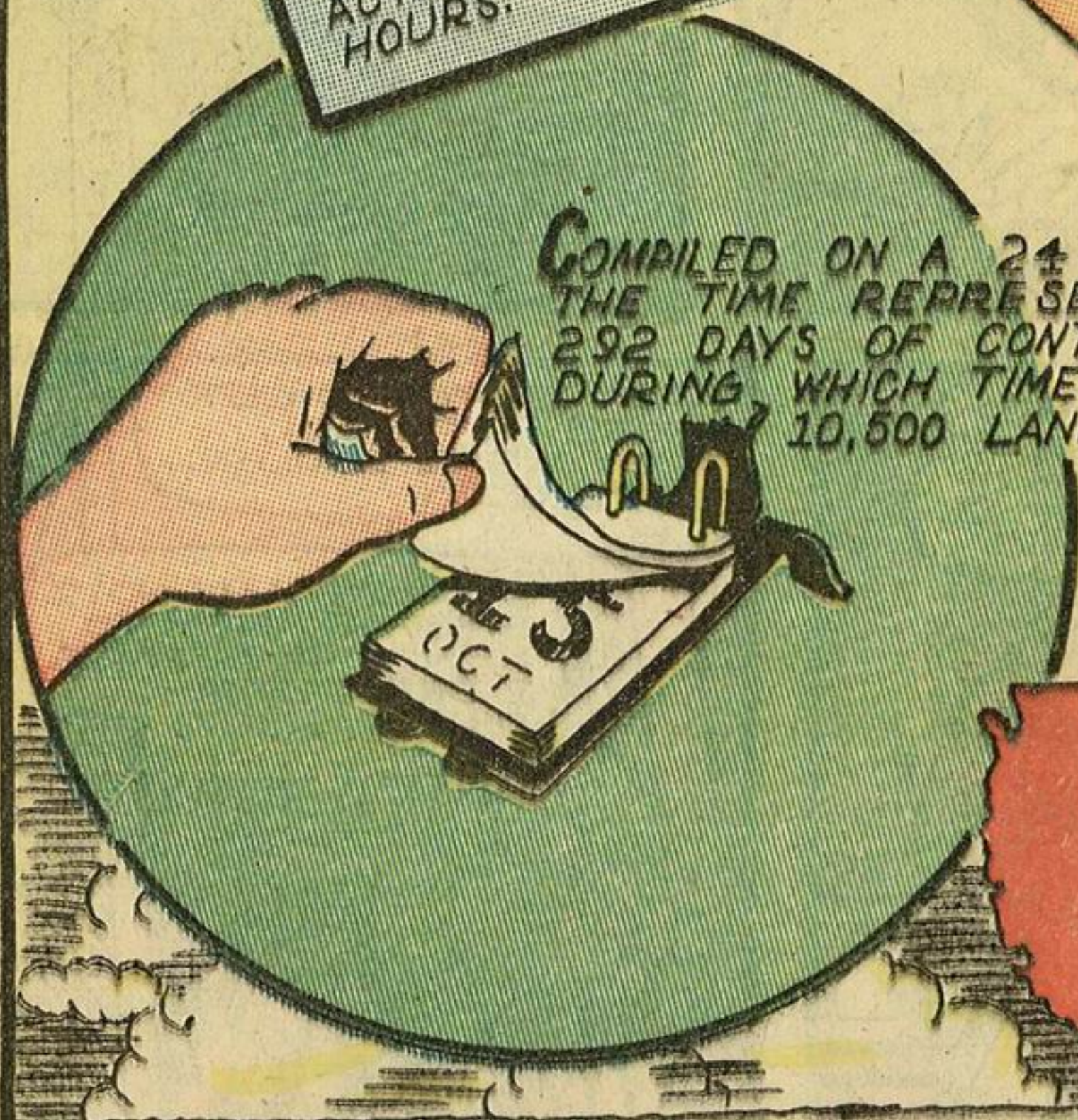
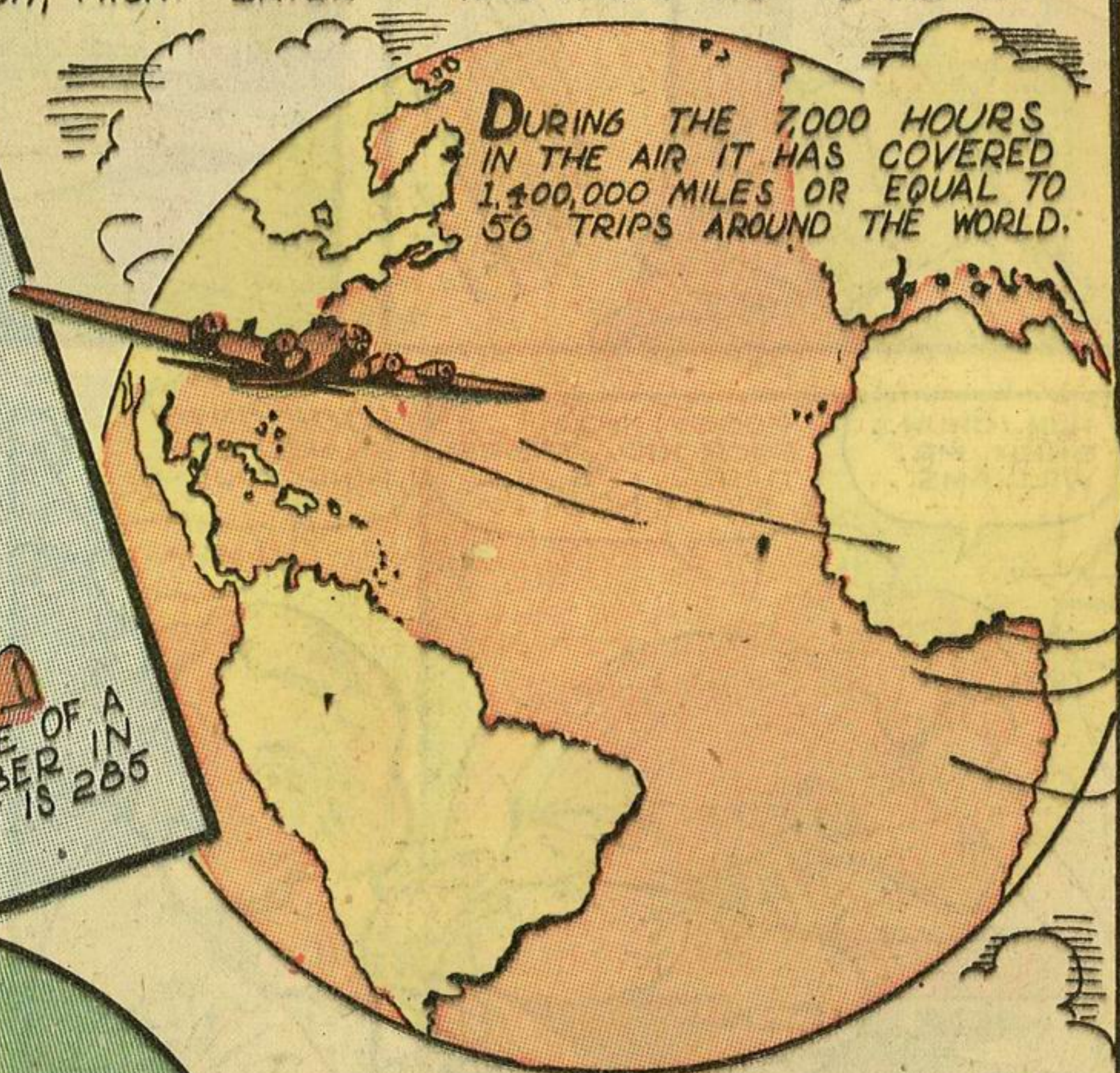
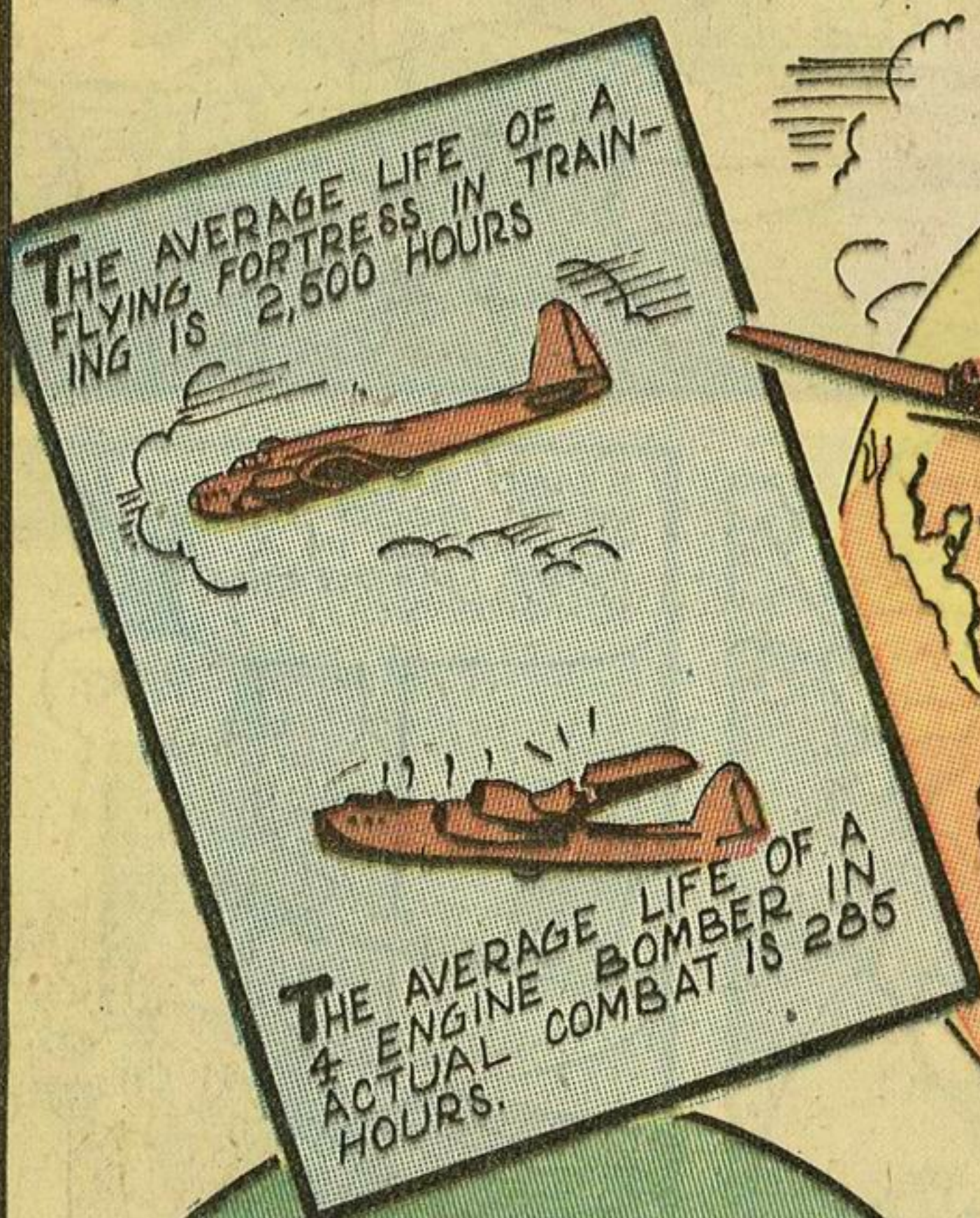






7,000 HOUR WORLD RECORD.

THIS BOEING B-17 WAS NAMED "LIGHTNING JIM" IN HONOR OF MAJOR JAMES F BYERS OF DETROIT, MICH. LATER IT WAS KNOWN AS PLANE 80.

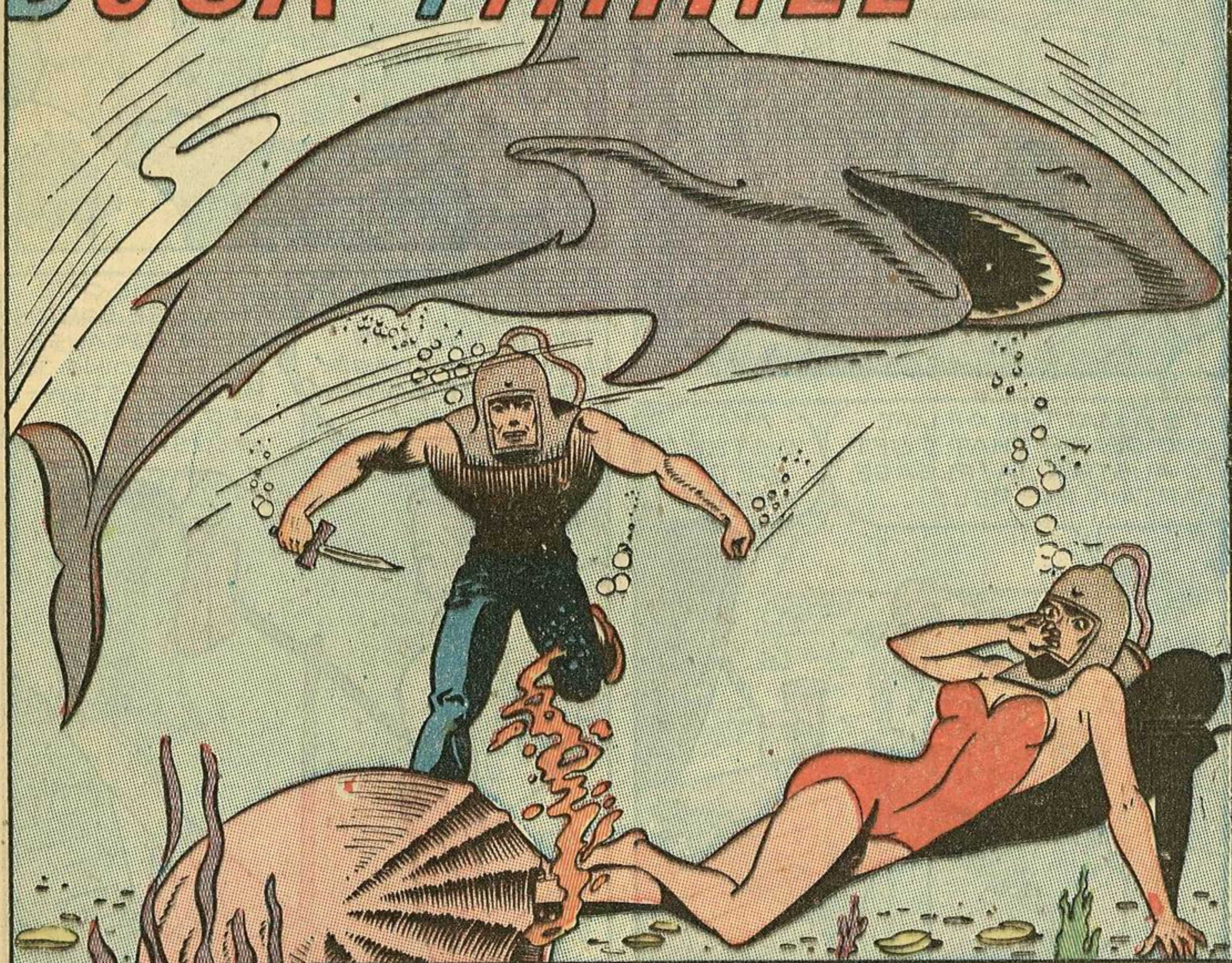


SINCE LEAVING THE BOEING PLANT AT SEATTLE, WASH. IT HAS BEEN IN EVERY STATE IN THE UNION AND SEEN SUBMARINE SERVICE IN THE ATLANTIC AND GULF OF MEXICO.

Jim Brady

BUCK FARREL

IN THE
ADVENTURE
OF THE
BLACK PEARL



BUCK'S FIRST MATE, CORNY, WARNED HIM THAT THE GIRL, LISA, SPELLED TROUBLE, BUT IT TOOK NEAR MUTINY ON BUCK'S SCHOONER, THE SUZY Q-----PLUS A HAIR-RAISING TREASURE HUNT AMIDST MAN EATING SHARKS TO CONVINCE HIM THAT WOMEN AND BLACK PEARLS DON'T MIX!

A TINY ISLAND PORT OF
CALL IN THE SOUTH SEAS!

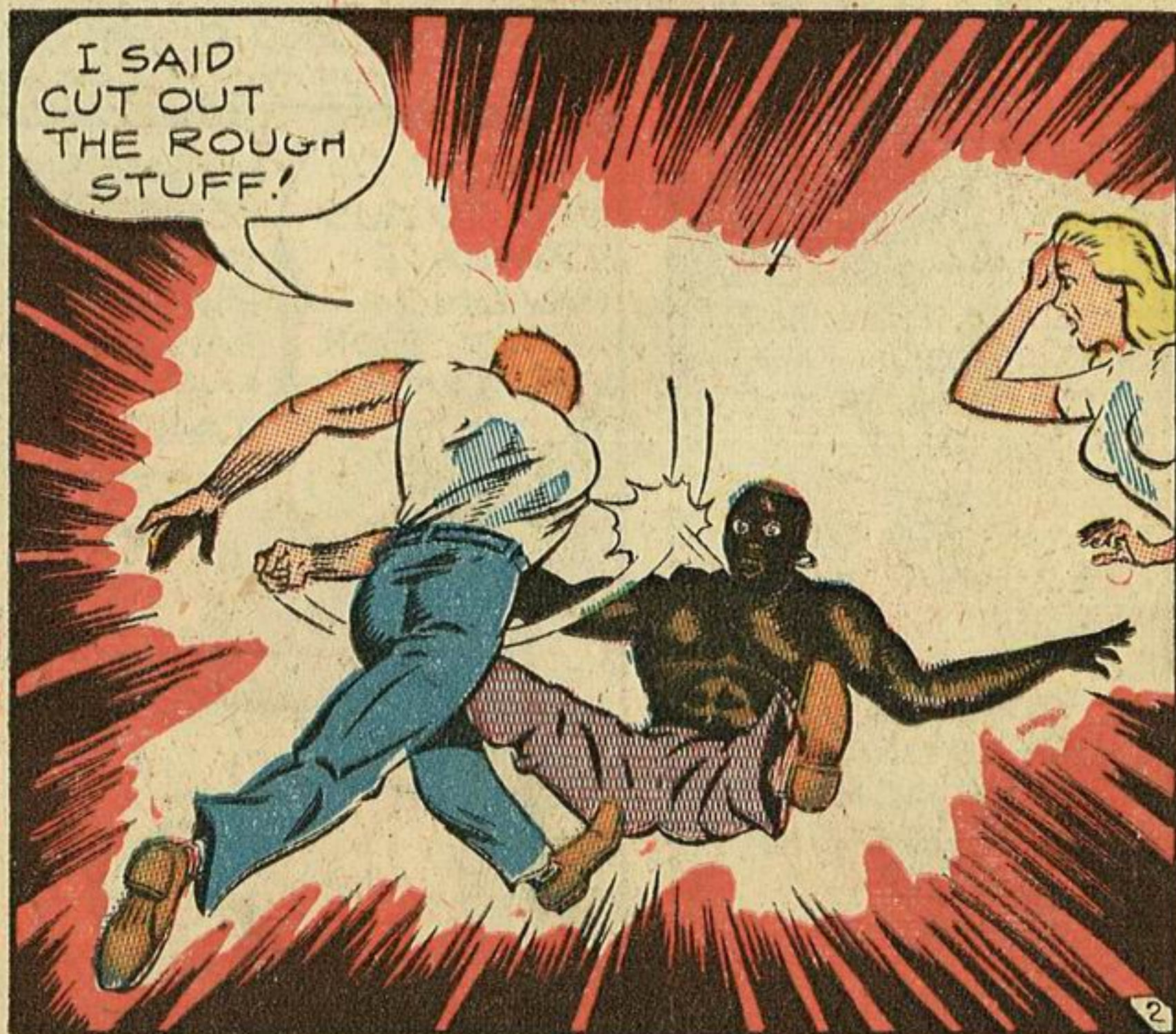
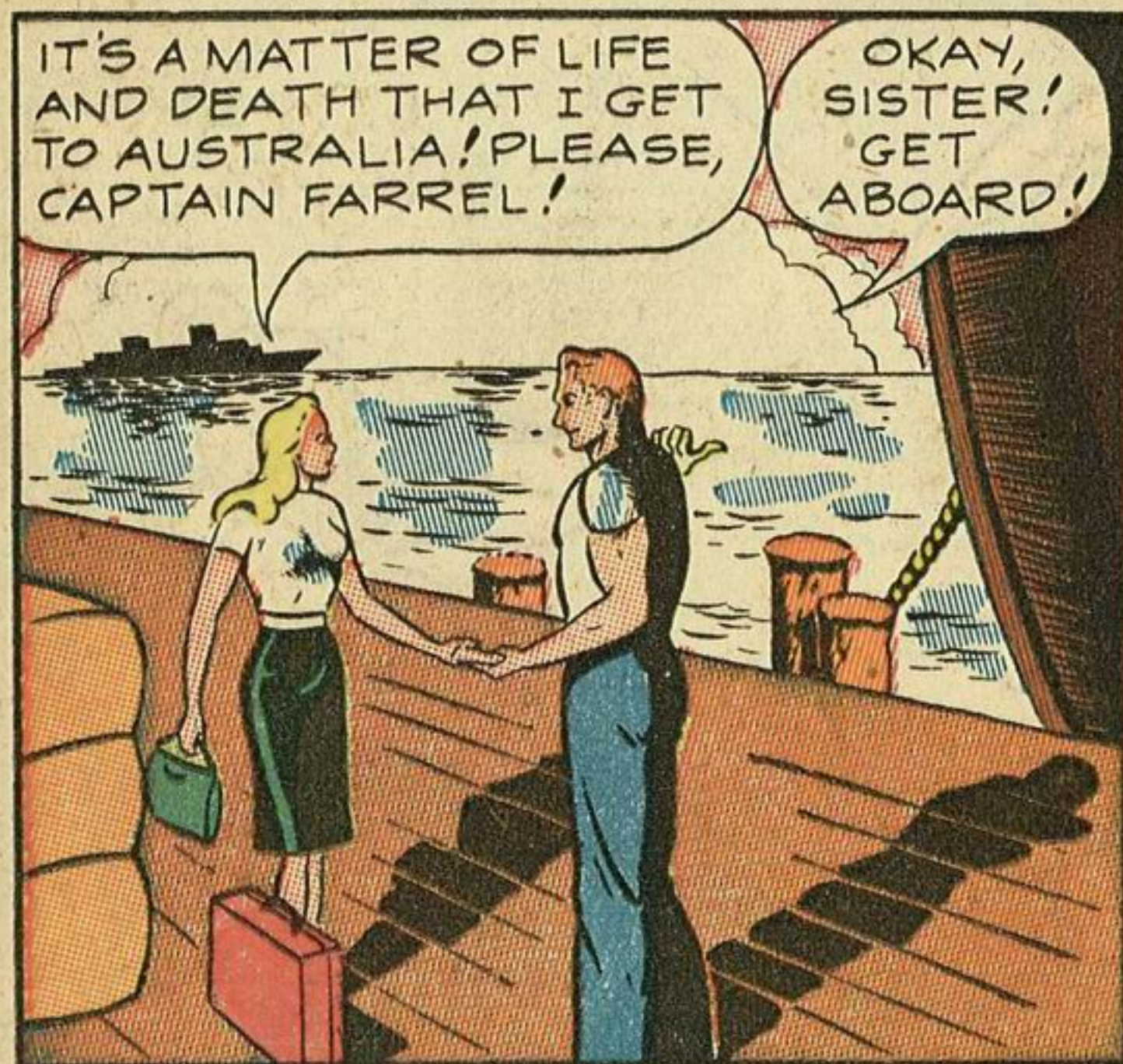
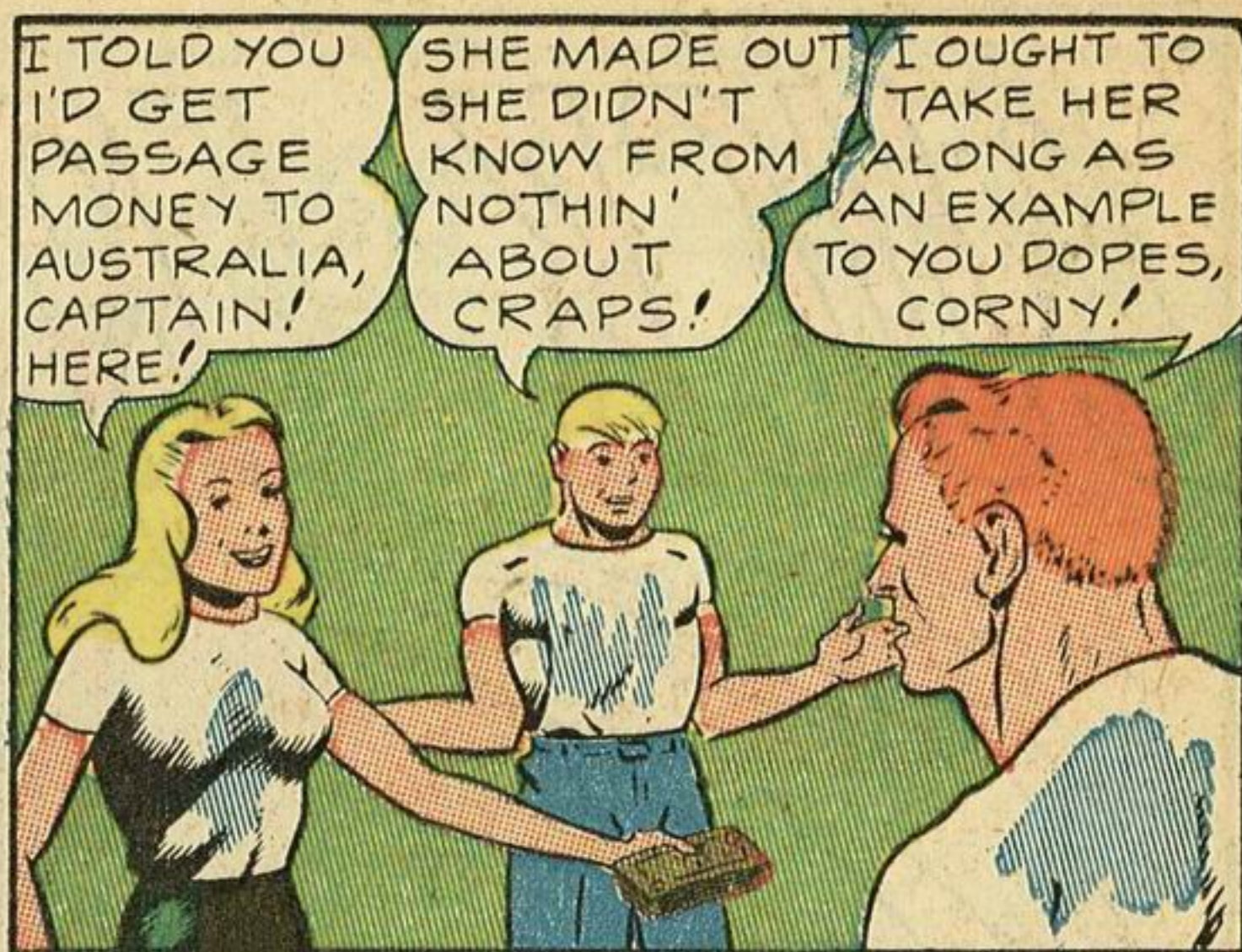
I'VE GOT TO
GET TO AUS-
TRALIA! I
HAVE NO
MONEY FOR
PASSAGE
BUT IF YOU
WILL TAKE
MY I.O.U.-

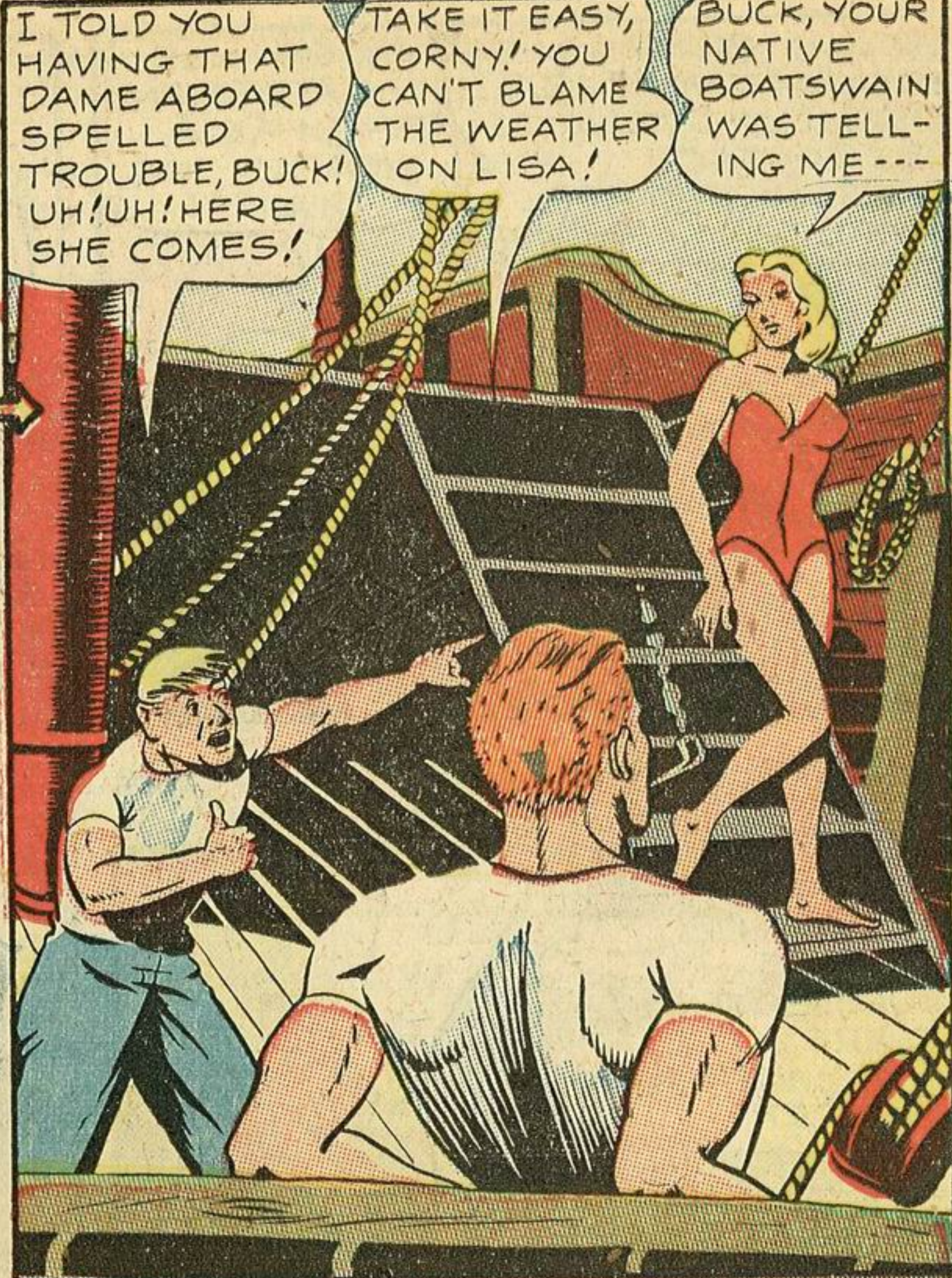
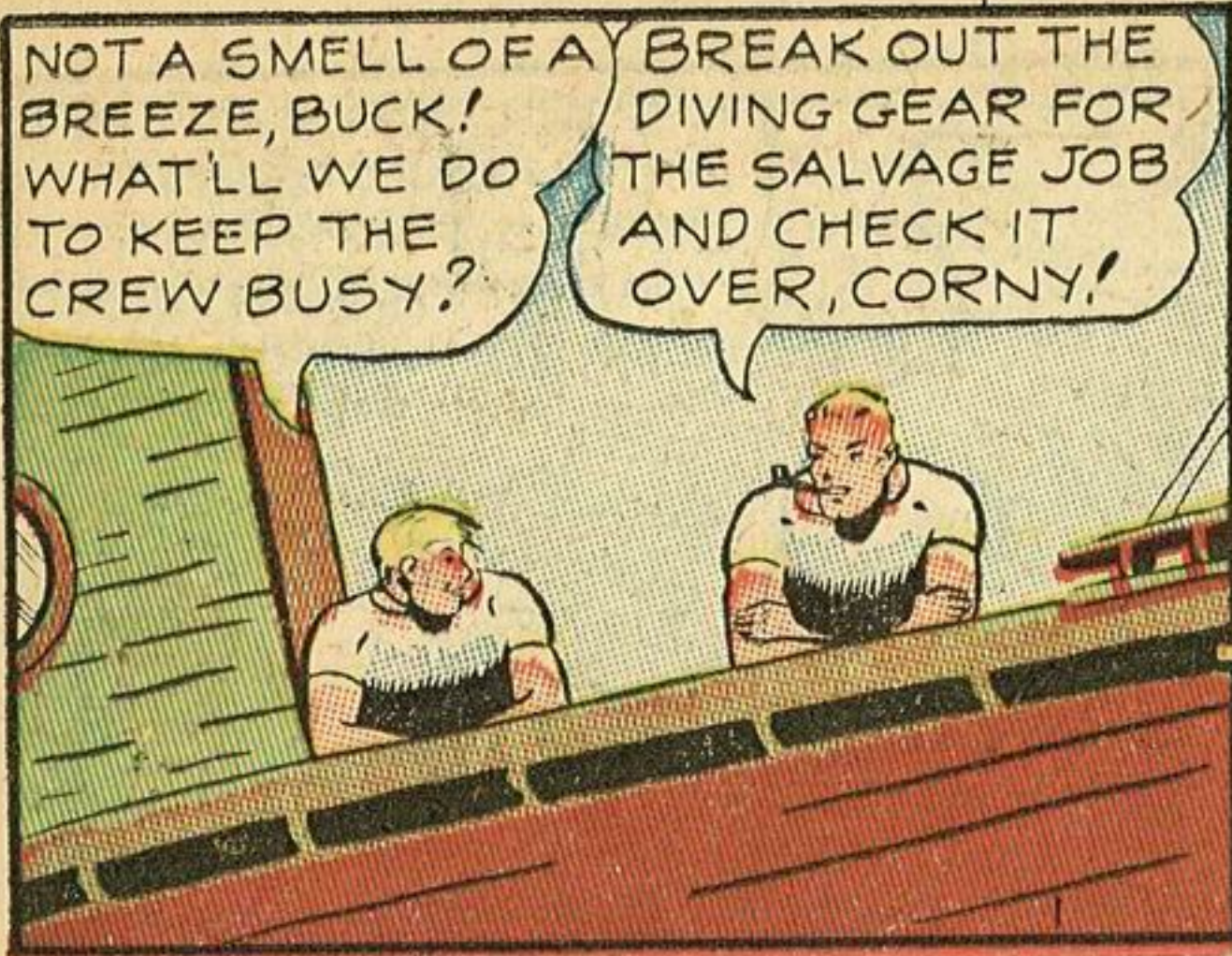
NOT ME, SISTER!
BESIDES ON THE
WAY I'M STOP-
PING OFF ON A
SALVAGE JOB--
AND---I DON'T
TAKE I.O.U.'S!



YOU JUST DON'T
WANT ME ALONG
BECAUSE I'M
BROKE AND YOU
WON'T TRUST
ME! BUT I'LL
GET THE
MONEY!

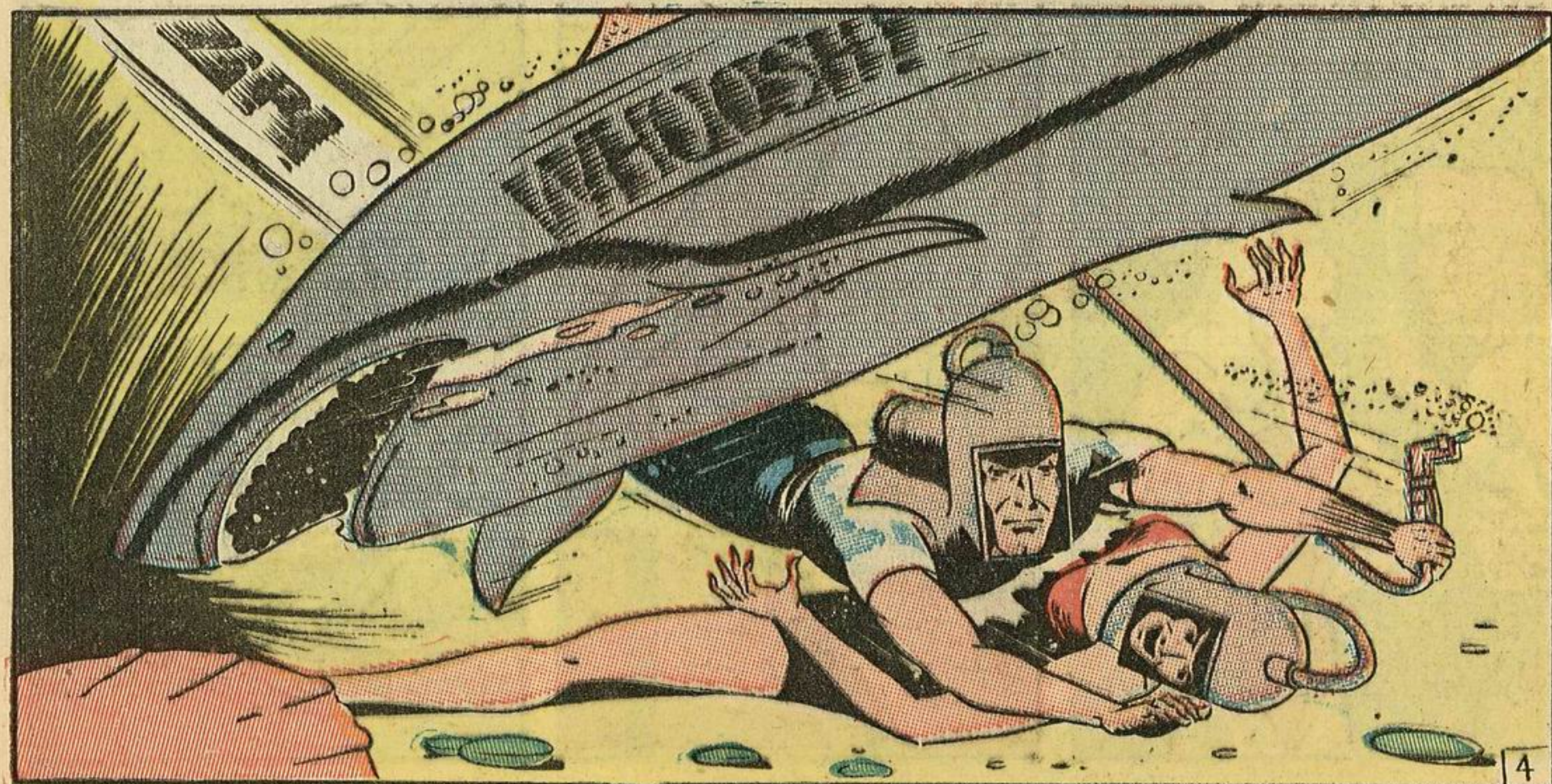
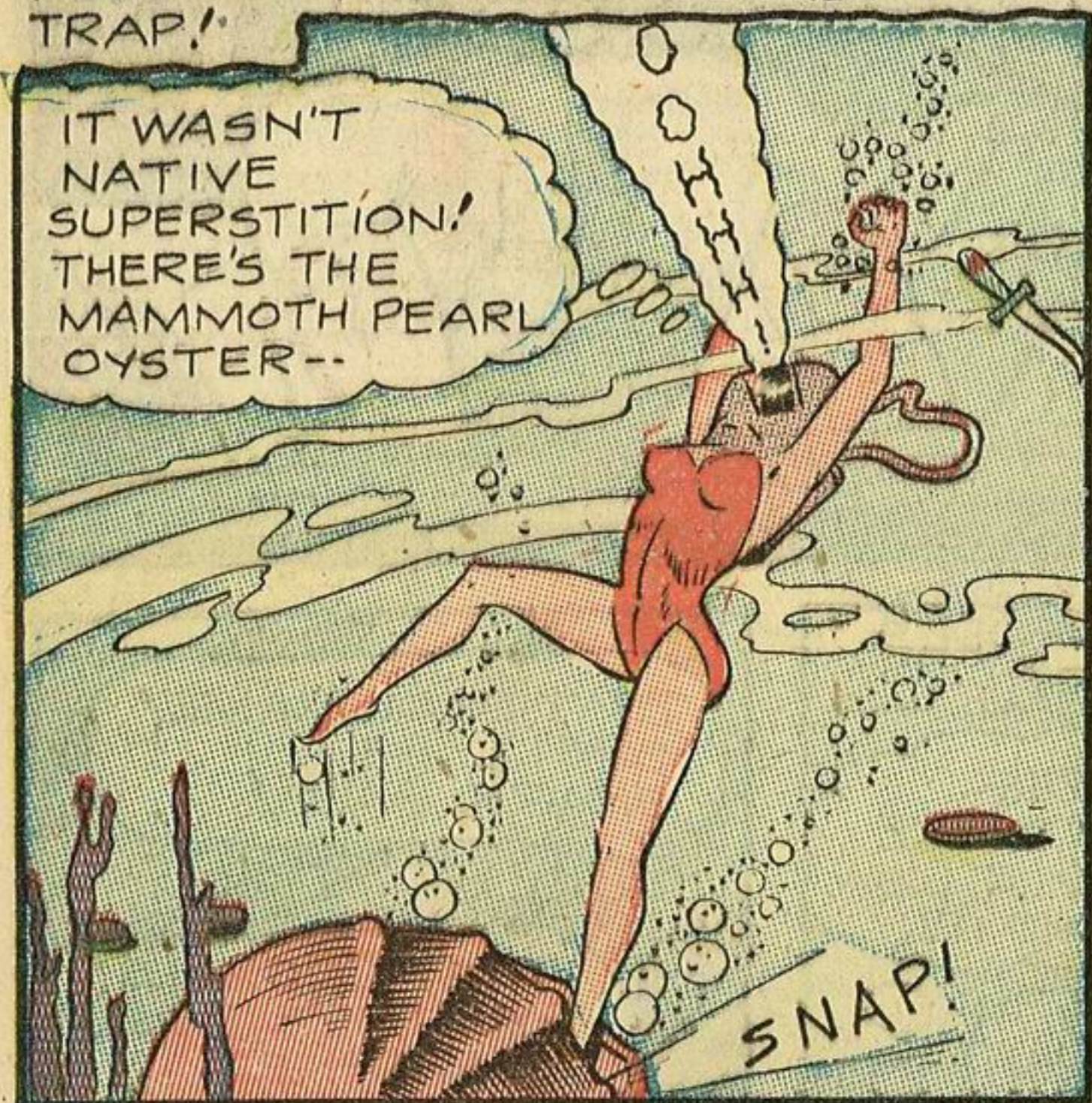


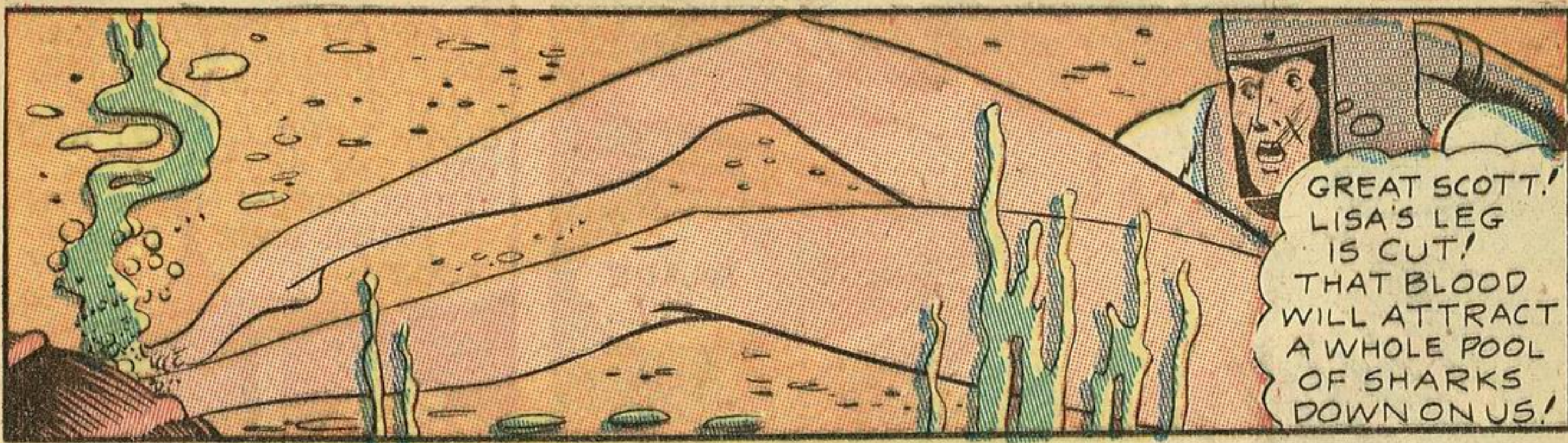






MEANWHILE---BELOW ON THE OCEAN'S FLOOR---TREASURE SEEKER'S TRAP!



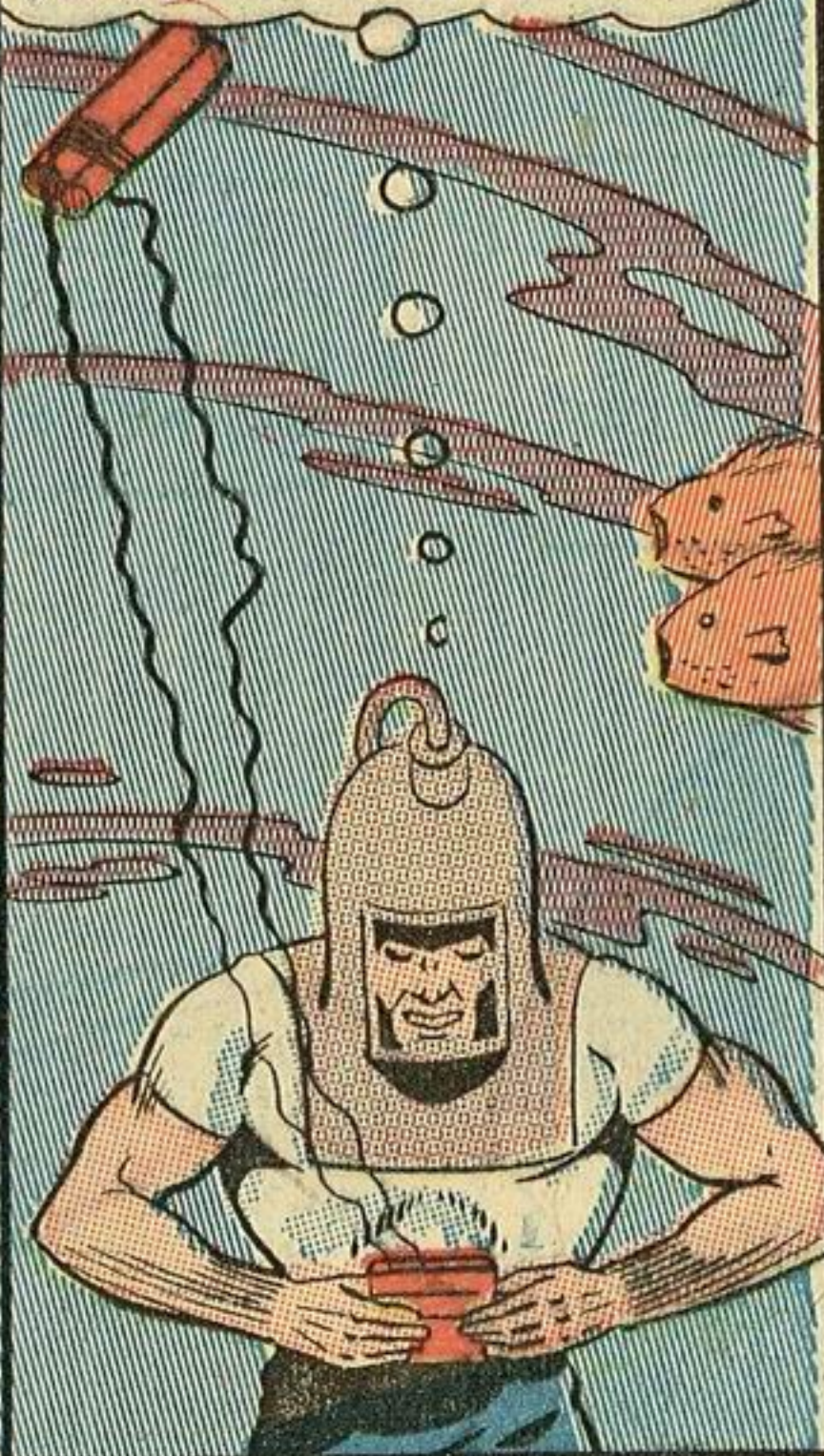


GREAT SCOTT!
LISA'S LEG
IS CUT!
THAT BLOOD
WILL ATTRACT
A WHOLE POOL
OF SHARKS
DOWN ON US!

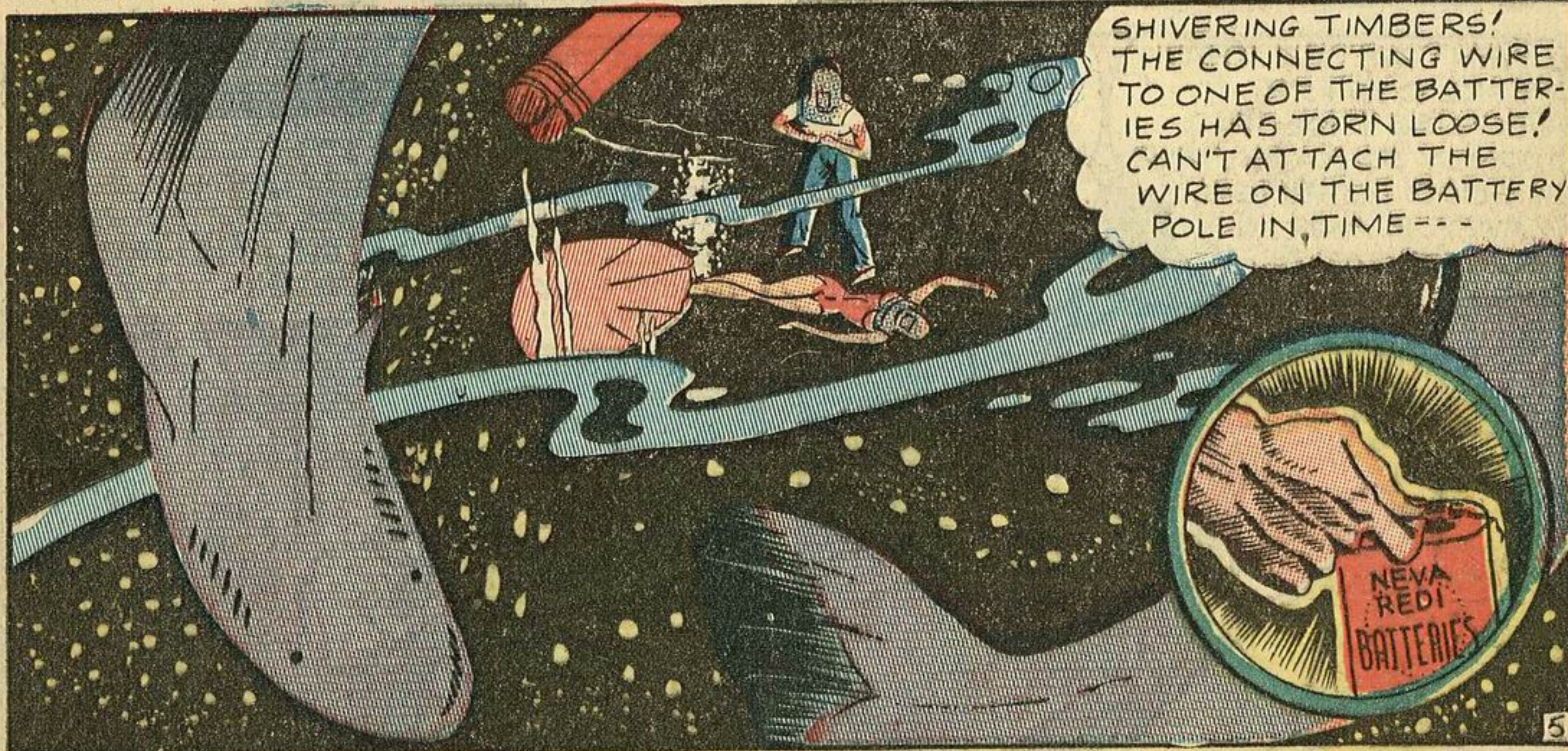
AT THIS PRESSURE THE
WATERPROOF DYNAMITE
CHARGE SHOULD RISE
TOWARD THE SURFACE!
WHEN THE DYNAMITE IS
FAR ENOUGH AWAY---



SO THAT WE WON'T
BE INJURED BY THE
BLAST, I'LL SET IT
OFF WITH THESE
CONTACT BATTERIES!

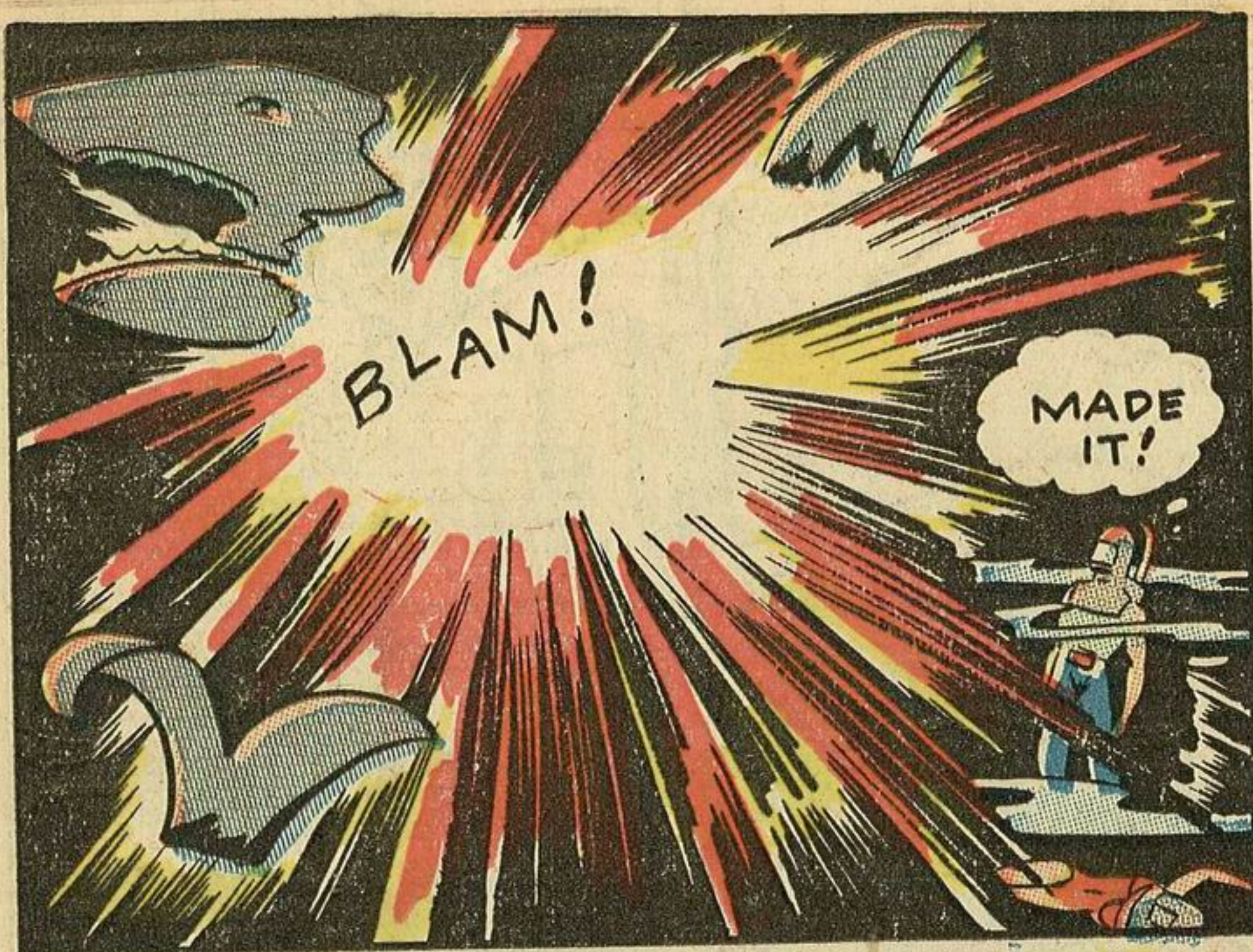


NOW! SOMETHING'S WRONG!
THE BATTERIES AREN'T
SETTING OFF THE CHARGE!
YEOW! HERE COMES THE
SHARK PACK!



SHIVERING TIMBERS!
THE CONNECTING WIRE
TO ONE OF THE BATTER-
IES HAS TORN LOOSE!
CAN'T ATTACH THE
WIRE ON THE BATTERY
POLE IN TIME---





BLAM!

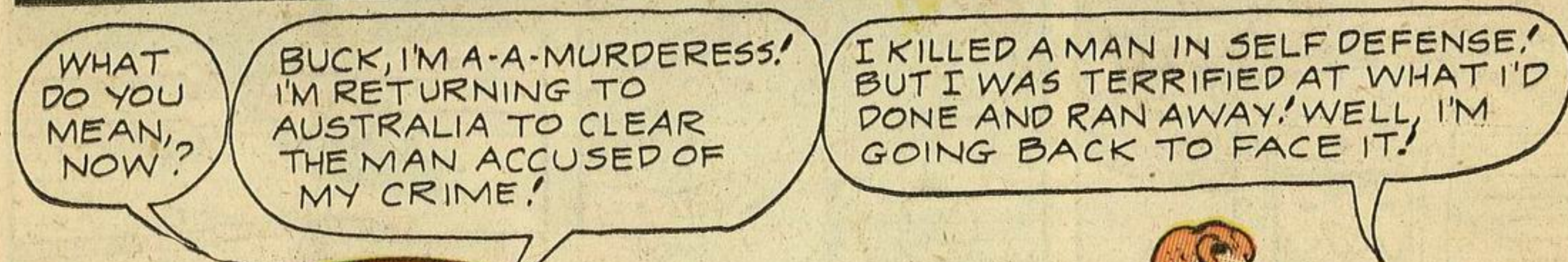
MADE IT!



LATER---

I HAD TO CUT THROUGH THAT GIANT CLAM'S SHELL WITH THE ACETYLENE TORCH TO FREE YOUR FOOT!

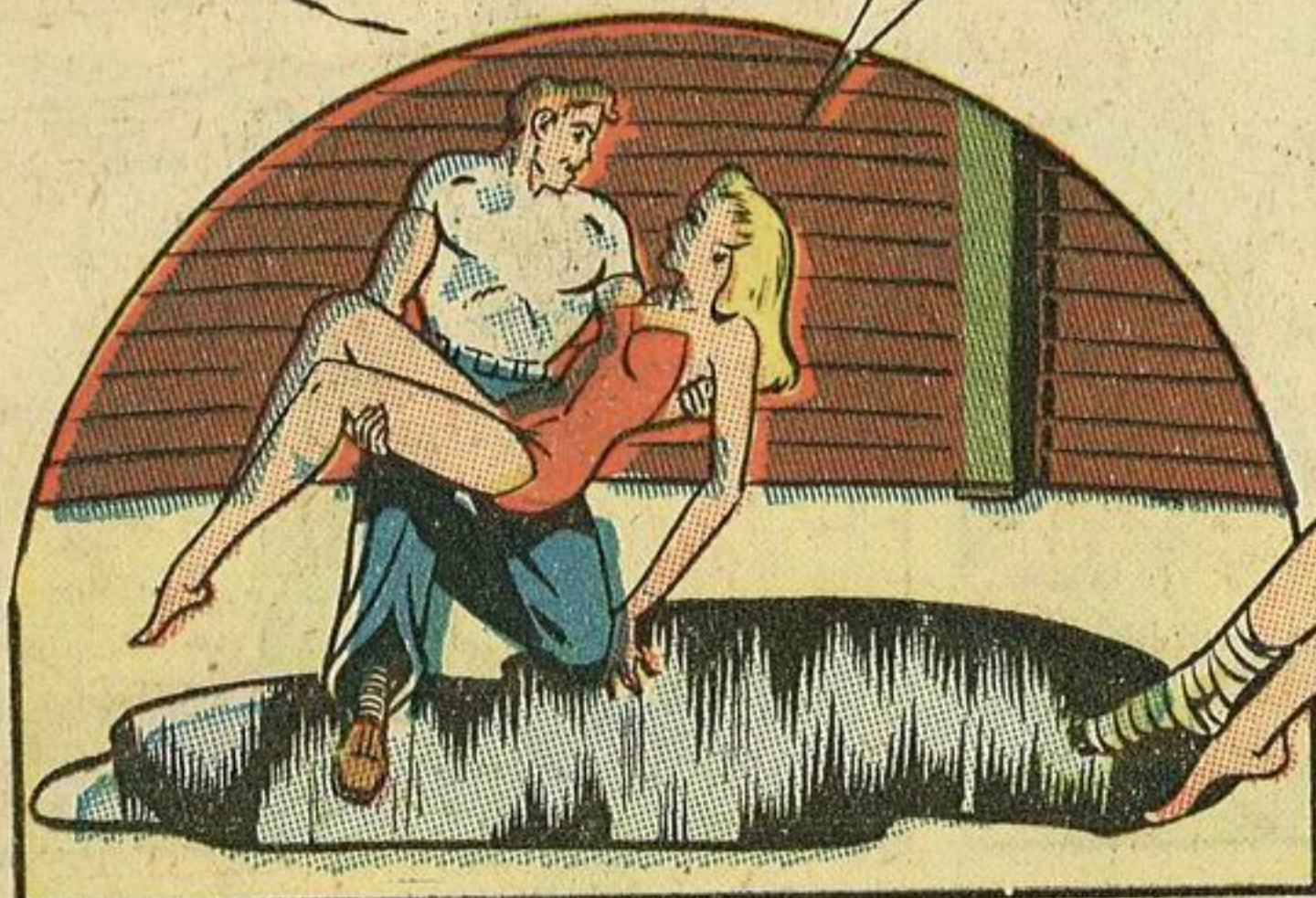
YOU SAVED MY LIFE, BUCK, NOT THAT IT'S WORTH MUCH NOW!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, NOW?

BUCK, I'M A-A-MURDERESS! I'M RETURNING TO AUSTRALIA TO CLEAR THE MAN ACCUSED OF MY CRIME!

I KILLED A MAN IN SELF DEFENSE, BUT I WAS TERRIFIED AT WHAT I'D DONE AND RAN AWAY! WELL, I'M GOING BACK TO FACE IT!



I WENT AFTER THAT PEARL OYSTER BECAUSE I NEED MONEY SO BADLY FOR A GOOD DEFENSE LAWYER AND AN INVESTIGATION!

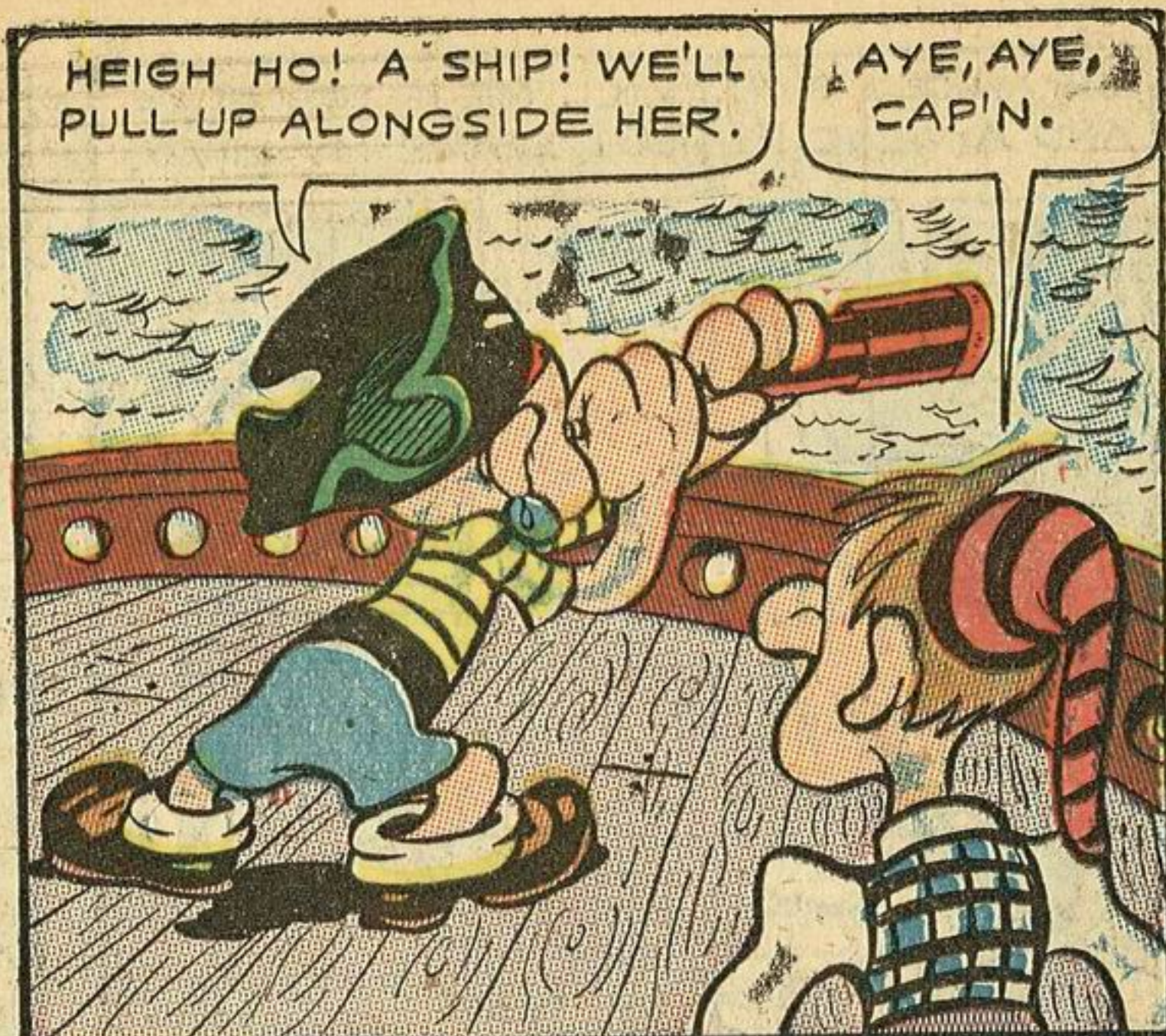
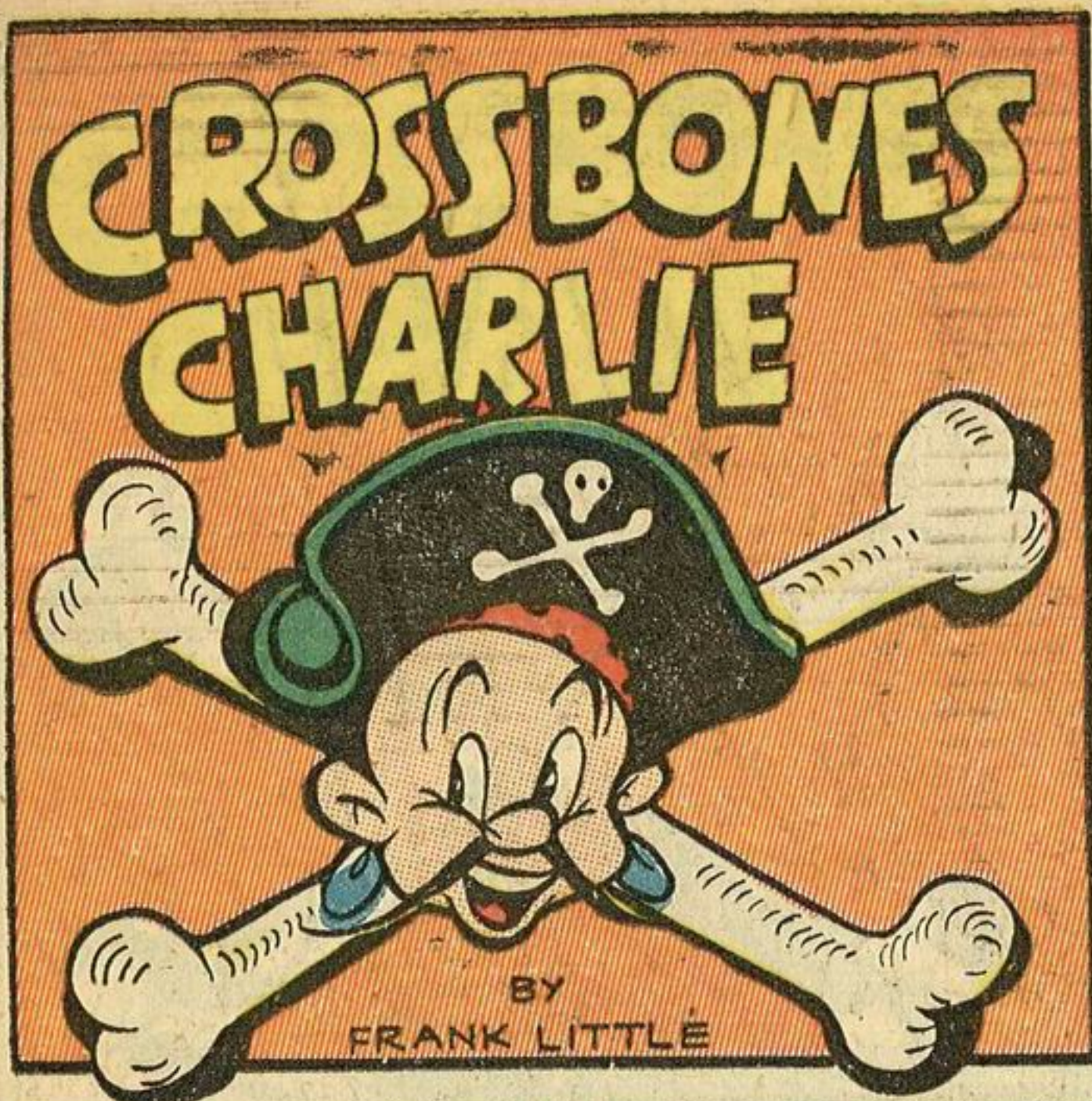
I BROUGHT UP THE OYSTER, LISA! THIS BLACK PEARL WAS IN IT! I'LL CUT YOU IN ON WHAT IT BRINGS!



IN AUSTRALIA BUCK KEEPS A PROMISE!

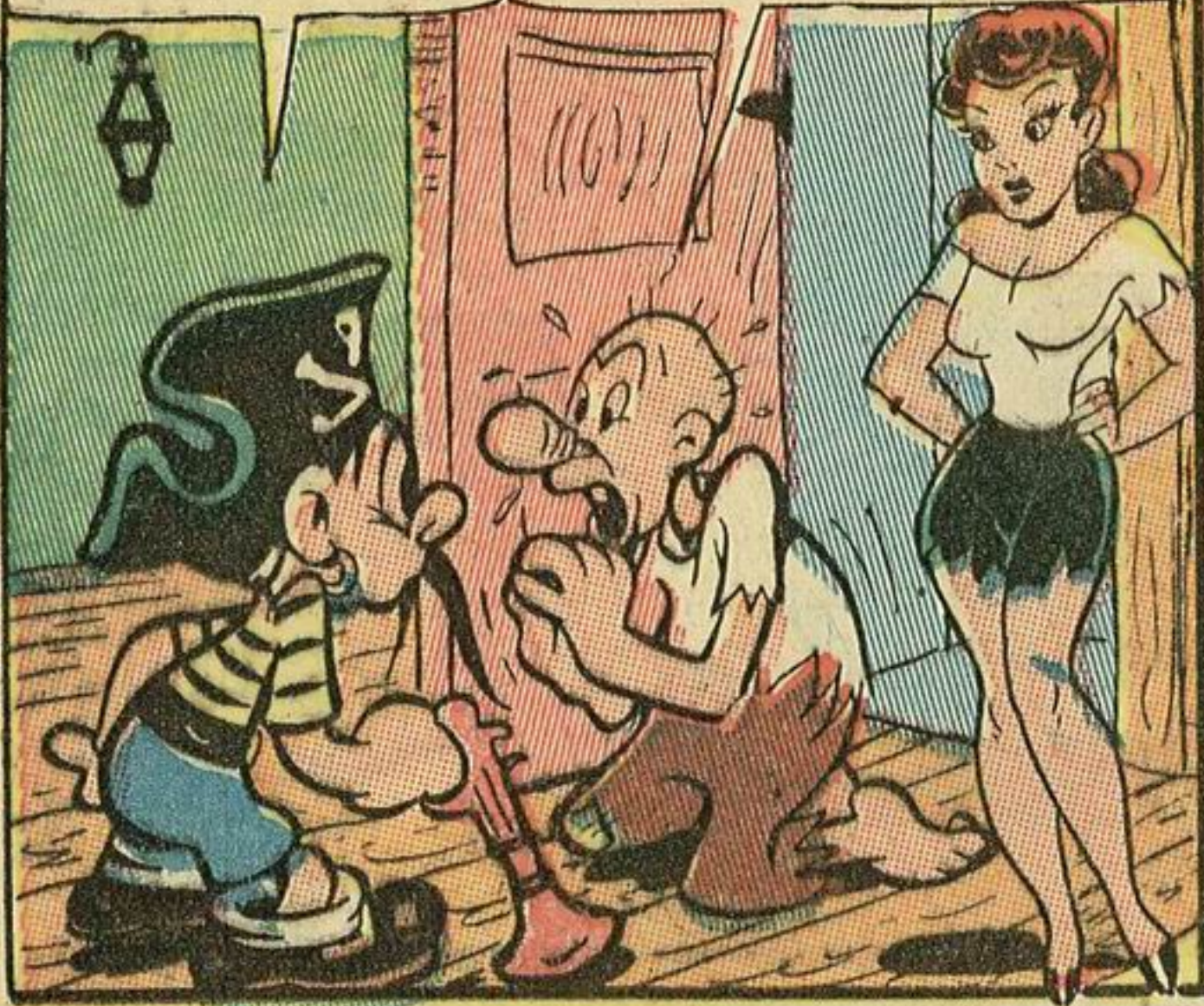
HERE'S YOUR SHARE ON THE SALE OF THE PEARL, LISA! GOOD LUCK, KID!

ALL THIS! BUCK, NOW I REALLY HAVE HOPE OF CLEARING MYSELF! I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU!



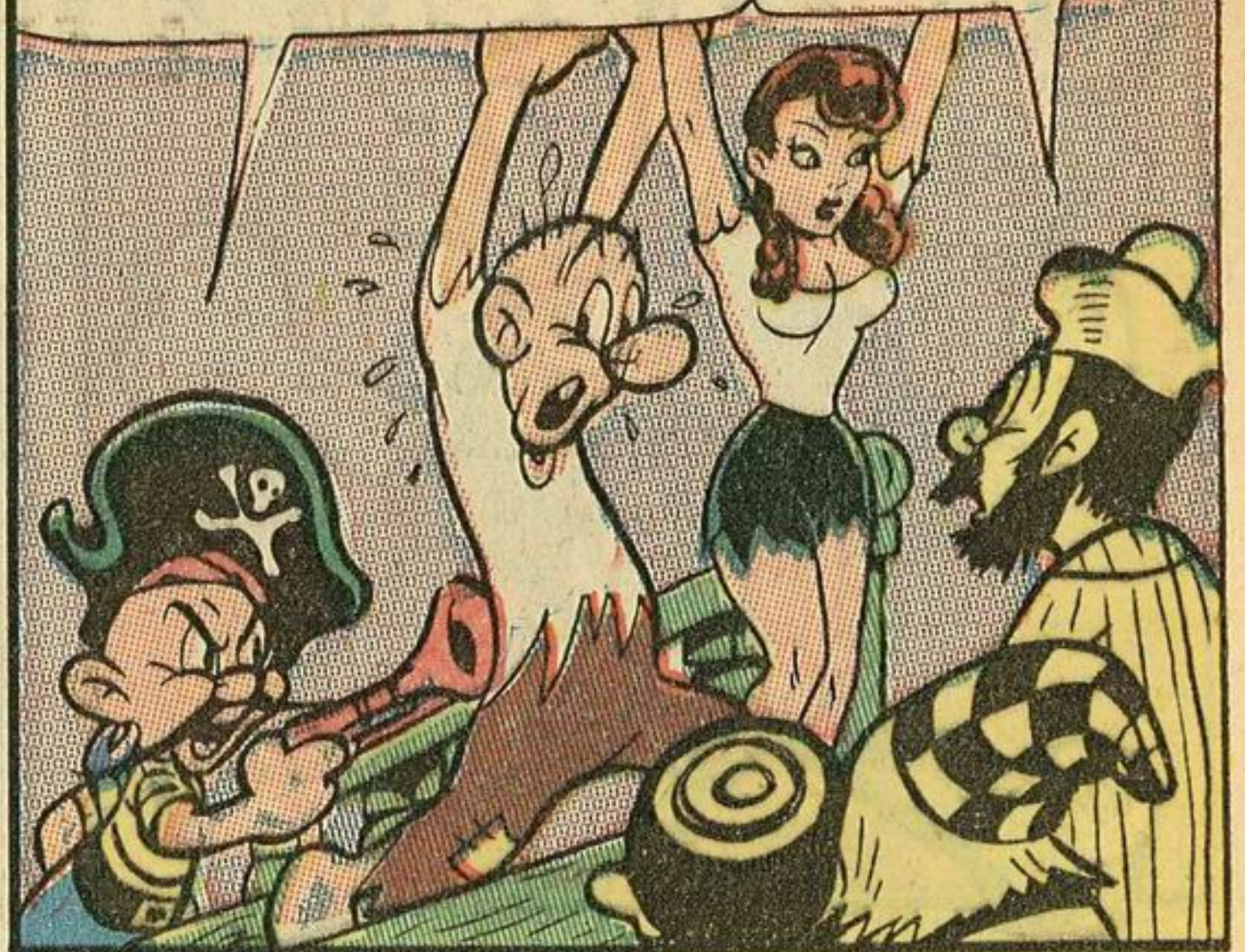
OH, AN OLD MAN
AND A WENCH!

KILL ME IF YOU MUST,
BUT SPARE MY LIFE!

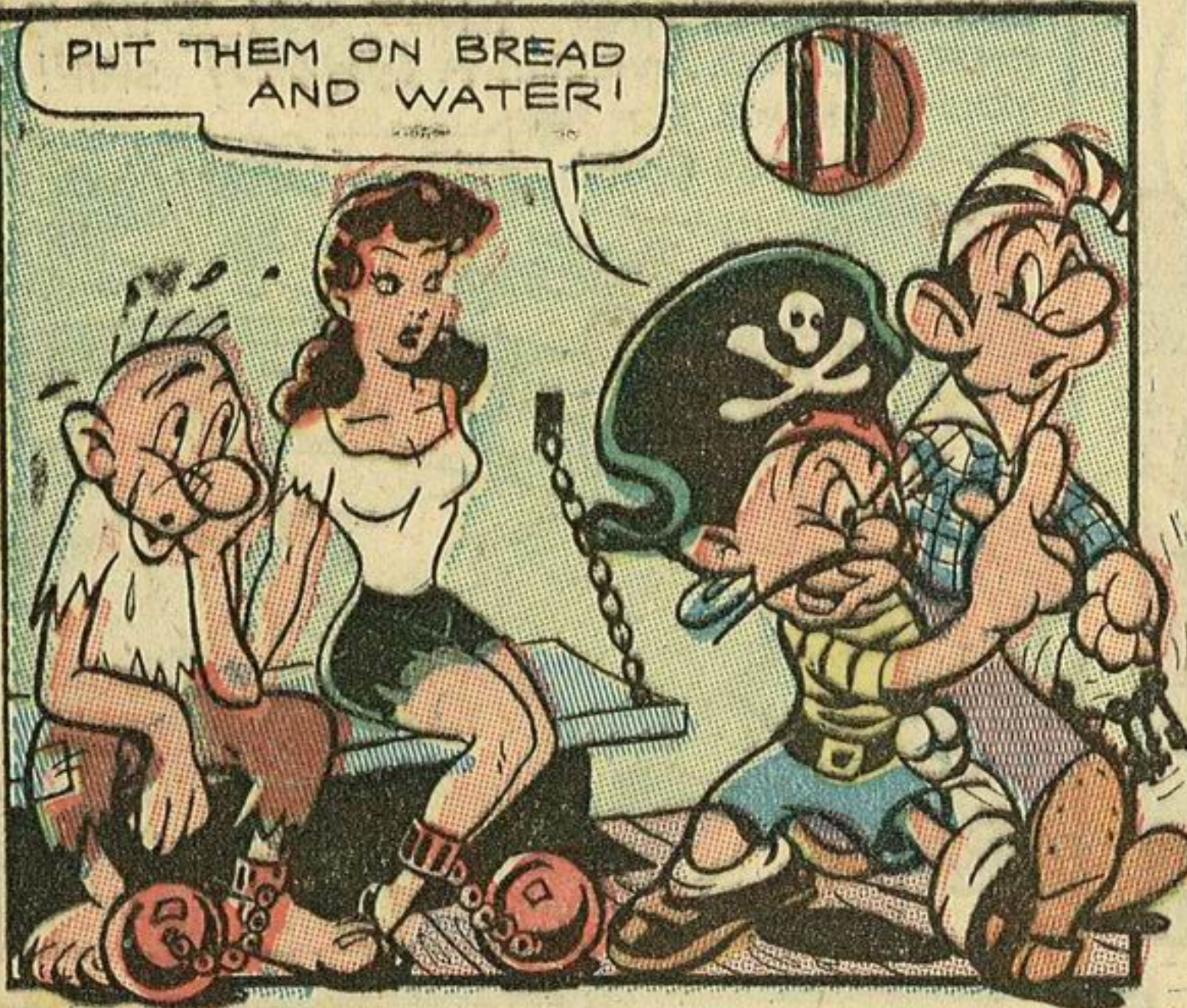


HERE'S YOUR PRISONERS..
PUT THEM IN IRONS!

AYE, AYE,
CAP'N.



PUT THEM ON BREAD
AND WATER!



EGADS! I HATED TO DO THAT, BUT IF
I DIDN'T, THE MEN WILL THINK I'M
GETTING SOFT. NOW THAT EVERY-
THING IS QUIET, I'LL SNEAK IN AND
LET THEM LOOSE.



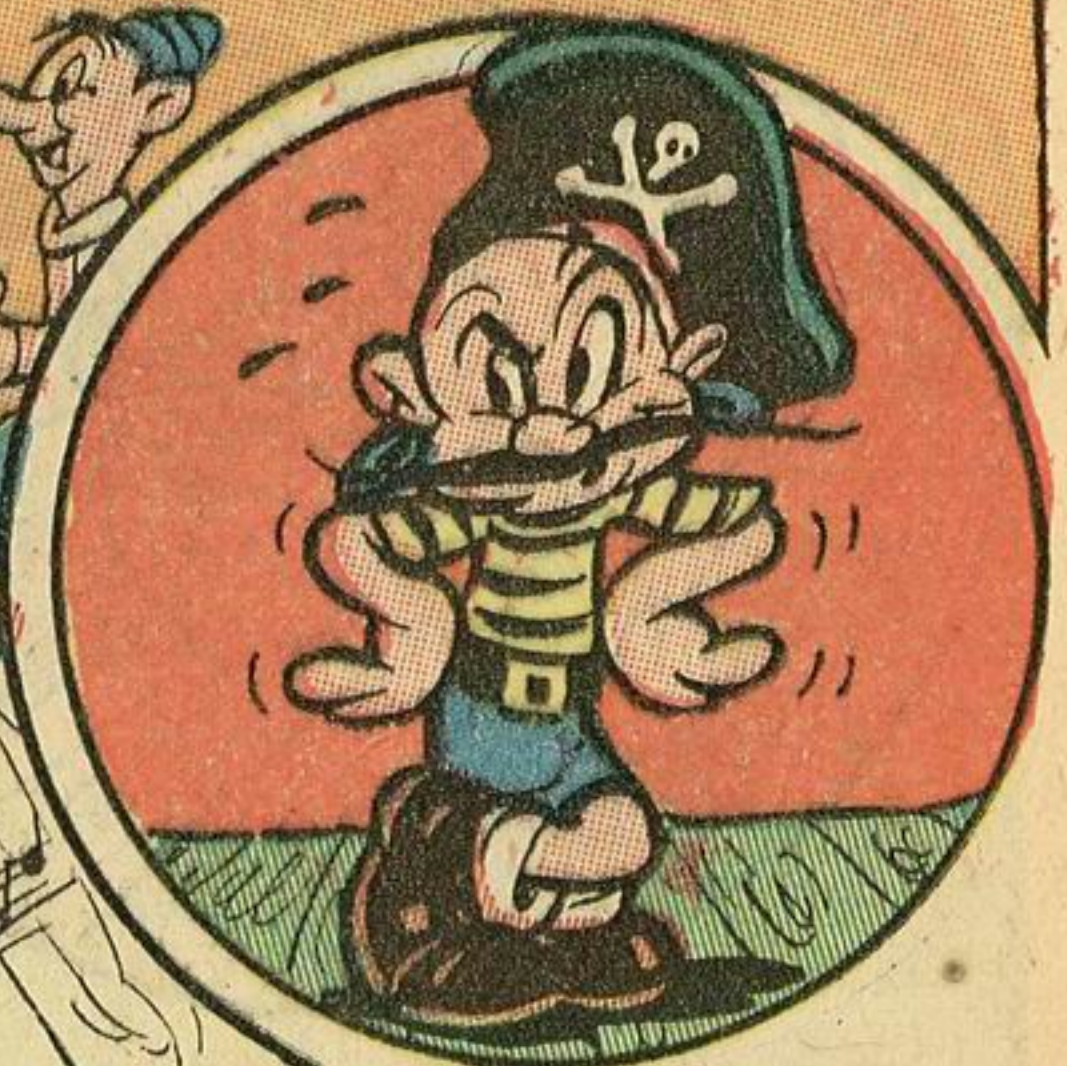
WHAT
TH...!

AS SOON AS SOUR-PUSS
IS ASLEEP, WE'LL GET
YOU OUT SAFELY.

YOU'RE
A DEAR!

HAVE ANOTHER
DRINK?

HOW DO YOU
LIKE THAT?



CRAZY LIKE A COP

By CHARLES MANNING

I CAME over from the old country, and may the good Lord bless that green sod, in the year 1924. I was a lad at the time, a brawny lad and a reckless one, but even then I had a level head on my wide shoulders. Two years after I set foot on the Battery, and still nothing but a lad, I joined the Force. And if I'm a Captain now, and I am, I owe it to nothing more nor less than my own brains and to what a more delicate man might call "intestinal fortitude".

And who is this braggart, you are asking? And why must he take up good time by relating the story of his life? A worthy question, indeed, and only proves my point—that it is a good story and that I, Captain Timothy O'Day, is the one to be telling it to you. Because, after nineteen years on the Force, who would be better fitted to judge a rookie cop than myself?

You thought the story was about me? You're wrong entirely. This tale is about a wild young spalpeen, wilder than ever I was, by the name of Bumpy Ferguson. I knew his mother, God rest her soul, before she picked a better man to marry, and when young Bumpy came along I was by way of being a godfather. It was decided early that he was to join the Force when he was of an age.

That's what I thought. Then one day young Bumpy Ferguson comes to my office.

"Well, youngster," says I, "you're looking fine. Though those clothes are a little slick

looking. 'Tis my thought you'll look better in blue."

I thought it the better judgment not to tell him what I really thought of his clothes. Not that they were bad clothes, mind you, except for being a bit on the flashy side—the kind I had seen Tony Briggs wearing the last time his smart lawyer got him acquitted. No, what was bothering me was that such clothes cost money and, as I well knew, young Bumpy had no money.

I saw now that the lad was uneasy. "That's what I came to tell you, sir," says he. "I'm not going to wear blue. I'm not going to join the Force!"

To tell the truth I wasn't surprised. The lad had passed his examinations well and stood high on the list yet, as I say, it was no surprise. I'd heard tales aplenty about the lad. Stories linking his name with Tony Briggs, the king pin of the gangsters. 'Twas said that Bumpy was serving his apprenticeship with Tony and that he'd been in on some of the big jobs—such as the stick-up of the Grant Federated Vaults, which we had never been able to pin on Tony or any of his crowd.

So I was thinking hard, now, as you can see. I was fighting, too, fighting for young Bumpy's life in a manner of speaking. It was clever I needed to be, for Bumpy was as head-strong and impetuous as ever I was myself. Before I spoke I asked the spirit of his dear, dead mother to give me cunning. And an answer she must have sent, for

I had an idea, then, all in a second

"Bumpy," says I, "I don't know that I blame you entirely. A cop's life, as the fellow says in the song, isn't exactly a happy one. It's long hours and bad weather and always the danger of death creeping up behind you. No, Bumpy, I don't blame you. If I had it to do over I'm thinking I would be something else."

"Captain," says Bumpy, and you could see the relief creeping over his handsome face, "Captain, I'm glad you see things my way. I was afraid you might not understand . . ."

"Understand?" I interrupted, "sure and I understand. But there is just one thing, Bumpy. I promised your dear mother that you would join the Force. And with me, being a religious man, a promise is a solemn thing. Now, Bumpy, if you would just put on the uniform and take your rookie training—that would fulfill my promise. Then you could resign, quiet like, and go your way. How about it, lad?"

It's an old fox I am. I knew it would be hard for the lad to refuse me, and to be sure he didn't. He didn't like it, but he promised to be on hand the following Monday to begin his rookie's training. Round one to me.

A world of planning there was to do. Planning and timing of such incidents as would appear accidental or routine to Bumpy, but were in reality all part of a scheme. In my desk drawer I had always a full re-

port on the lad's progress and it did my heart good to see what progress he made, and how quickly he caught the knack of police work. He had the makings of a splendid cop, he did.

Finally came the day when he was to go on duty with an older and experienced man. Morgan, the officer was, and I had talked to him the day before. He knew what he was to do.

That night, after midnight, I came back to the office. Harry the Stool was waiting for me, a little, dried up weasel of a man. Harry lived in constant fear of his life and it had begun to show in his face. I hated working with such men, but it was necessary to the plan.

"Do you understand, Harry, what you're to do?" As I was speaking I riffled the bills between my fingers and watched his eyes widen.

"Sure, Captain," he says, "I go to Tony Briggs and tip him off about Mendel's Fur Shop. No watchman and the timer ain't workin' on the vault. He'll have to do it tomorrow night on account of the watchman will be coming back soon."

"And a rookie cop on the beat," I told him. "Don't forget that!"

It was a long one, that next day. But it finally dragged itself away and the night came on. Sure and it had to be raining harps, but that was not so bad. I stayed at home, drinking strong coffee and cleaning my old Smith & Wesson until the clock said midnight. Then I slipped into an old black slicker, and headed for the East side of town.

I was huddling in the shadows when Bumpy came along, trying doors and putting his light into

the shops. He was alone and I knew that Morgan had obeyed instructions and gotten sick at the last moment, when it was too late to get a substitute.

Hardly was Bumpy out of sight down the street than a car came rolling stealthily around the corner and stopped before the fur shop. A truck followed the car and in the time I'm taking to tell of it they had the truck backed up to a side entrance and were working on the door.

I let them get the truck half loaded and looked at my watch. Bumpy was due back in ten minutes. My hand was on the cold gun butt in my pocket and then, at the last minute, I lost my nerve. Who was I to take chances with a boy's life? Who could tell what a bunch of gangsters would do? They had, everyone, killed in their time. It was a bad half minute there in the dark and rain, before I pulled the gun and started for the truck. If the good Lord and Bumpy's mother were watching they would understand. . . .

I surprised them. They snarled and made threats, but I had them cold. Too cold. I had to act like a sap and break all the rules before one of them got up nerve enough to slug me from the rear—after I had deliberately stepped in front of him. I heard him shift his feet and so rolled with the blow. It didn't put me out. But I played dead and they carried me into the shop and dumped me in a closet while they went on loading furs into the truck. I waited. It was time for the call now, at the box nearby, warning Bumpy of the burglary.

I knew the plan had failed and was cursing myself for a

fool when I heard Bumpy's voice.

"Get your hands up, you . . ." Silence. Then: "It's you, Tony! But how come—on my beat? I told you I'd be out of this uniform in a month."

"This couldn't wait, kid. Now put up that heater and take a walk. When you come back we'll be gone. You didn't see nothin', get it!"

Bumpy's voice came back, crisp and strong. "Where's the watchman? You know I don't stand for any rough stuff."

"Naw, kid, of course not. We don't hurt nobody. Now beat it."

My cue. I let out a yelp you could have heard in Dublin. "Help . . . Help . . . in here. Get me out of here, Bumpy."

I heard jostling and cursing and then the door opened and a light beat down on my face.

Bumpy swore. "Captain O'Day—your face! Why, that dirty lying rat. . . ."

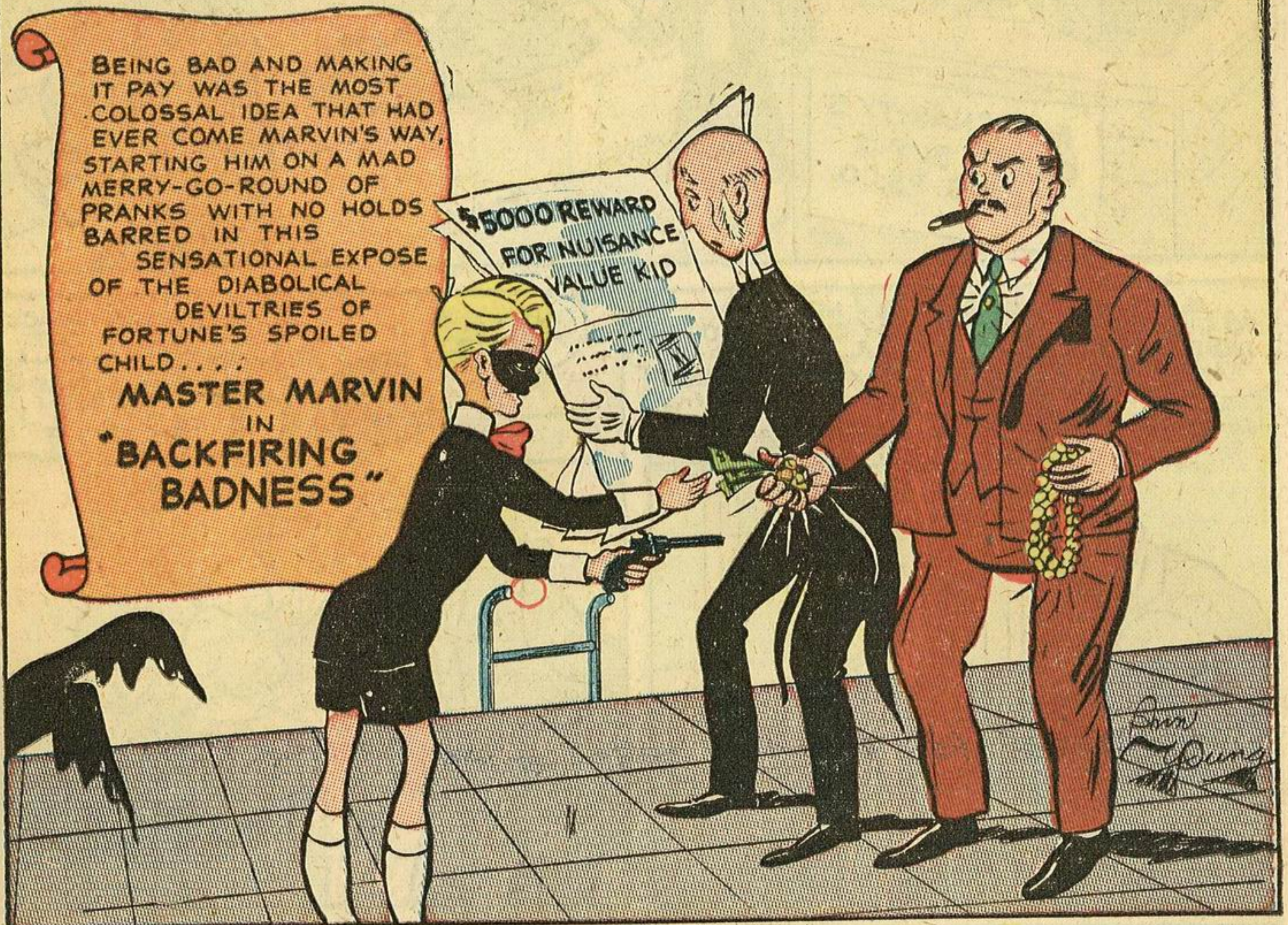
It was short and deadly. Tony made his one big mistake and tried to play with guns. Bumpy drilled him through the head. Then the boys came in from where I'd planted them and it was all over. According to plan.

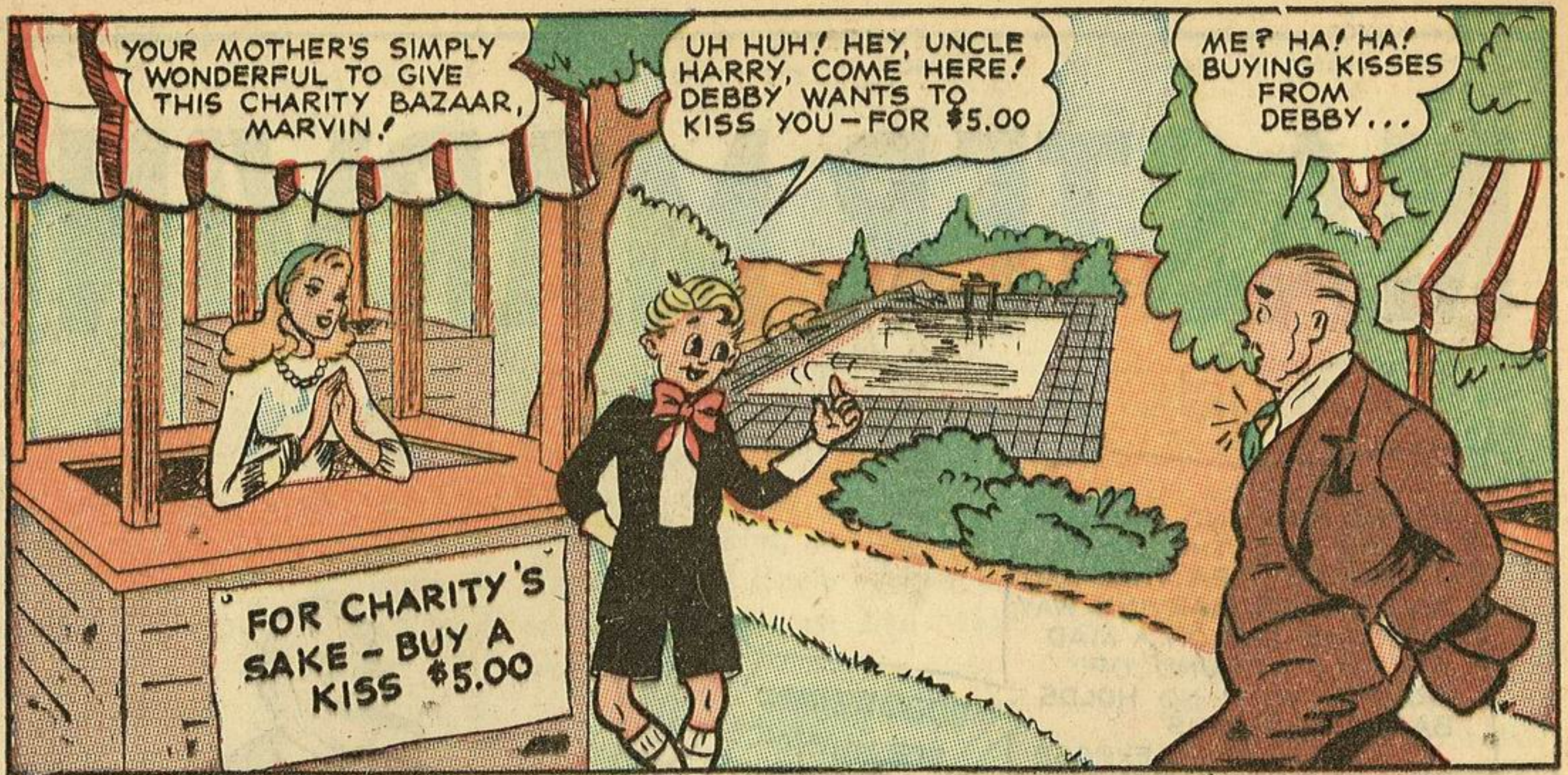
Well, almost according to plan. They gave me a medal and said it was a swell idea and why hadn't I thought of tricking Tony Briggs before? And Bumpy, the day he went on the regular Force, had a drink with me in Duffy's and it was easy to see he thought I was something.

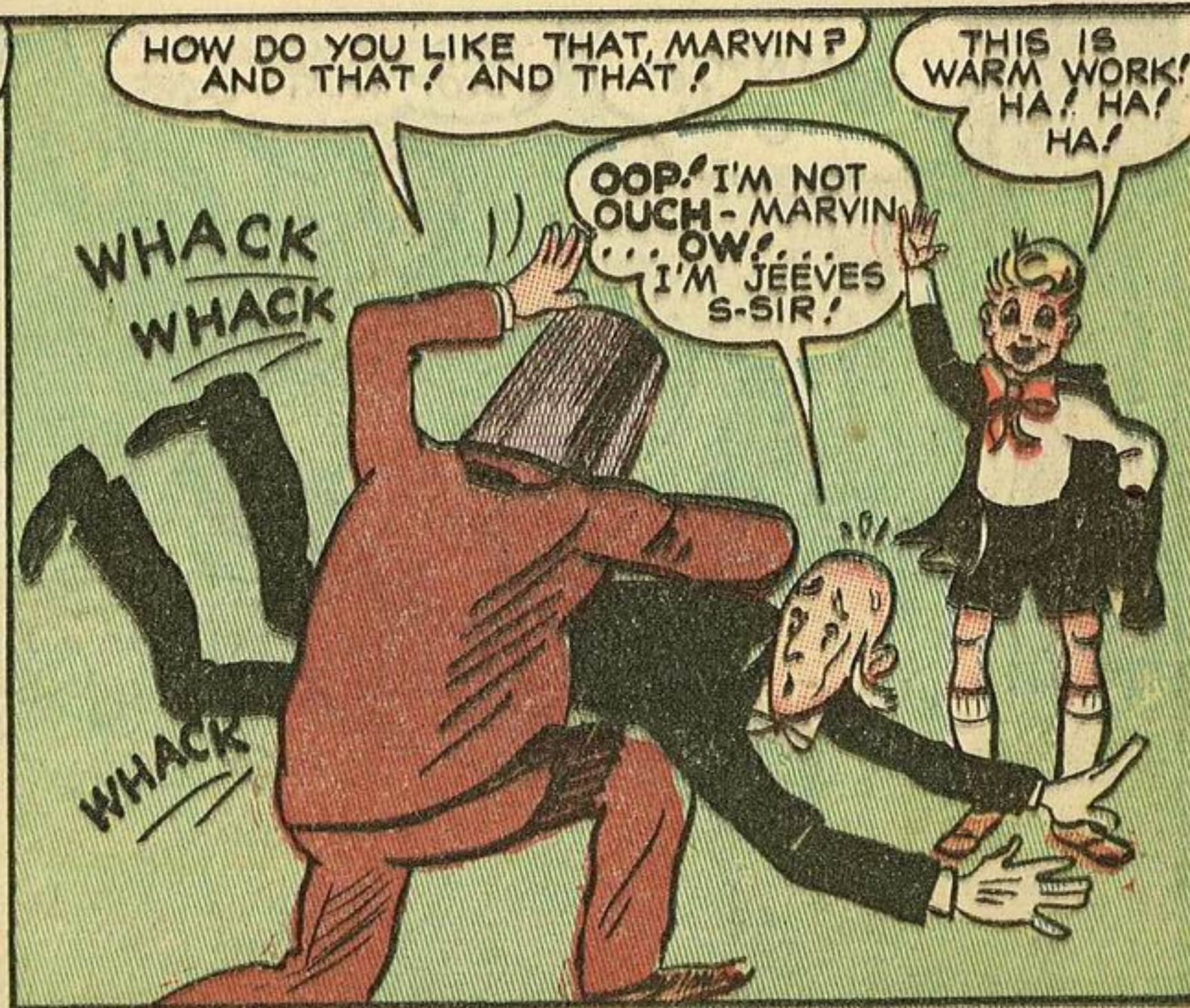
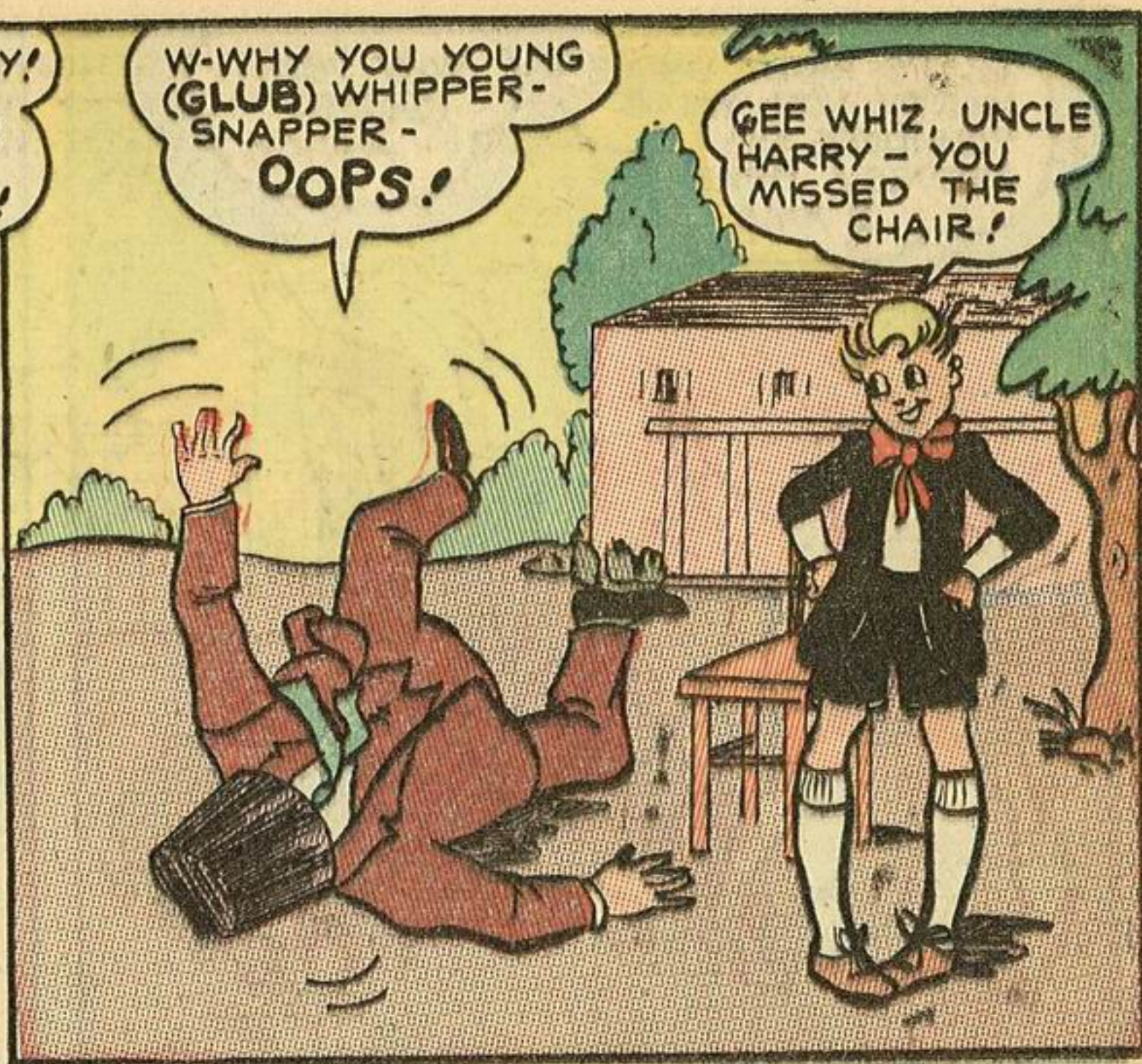
"You do it so easy, sir," the kid says. "I hope police work is as easy for me as it is for you."

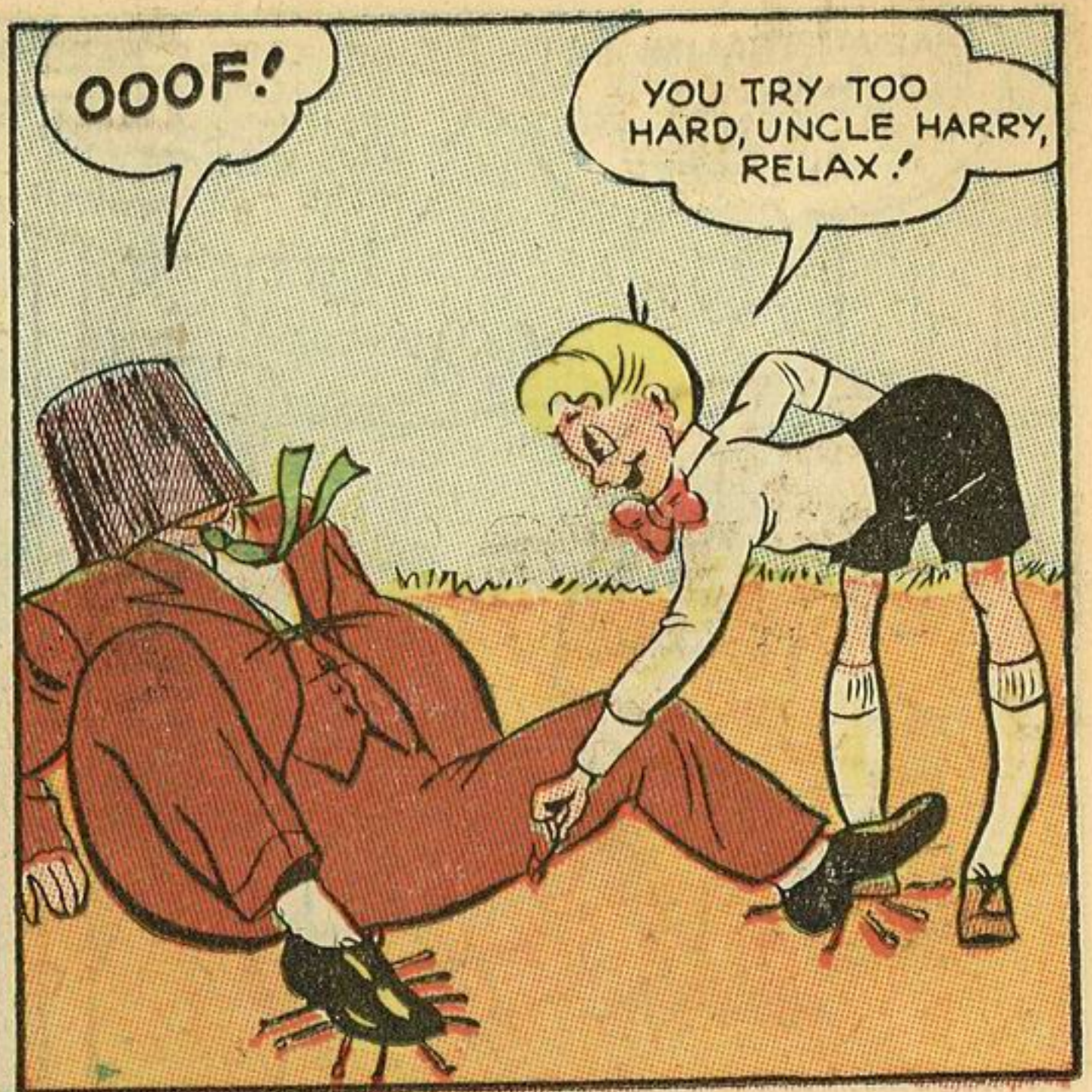
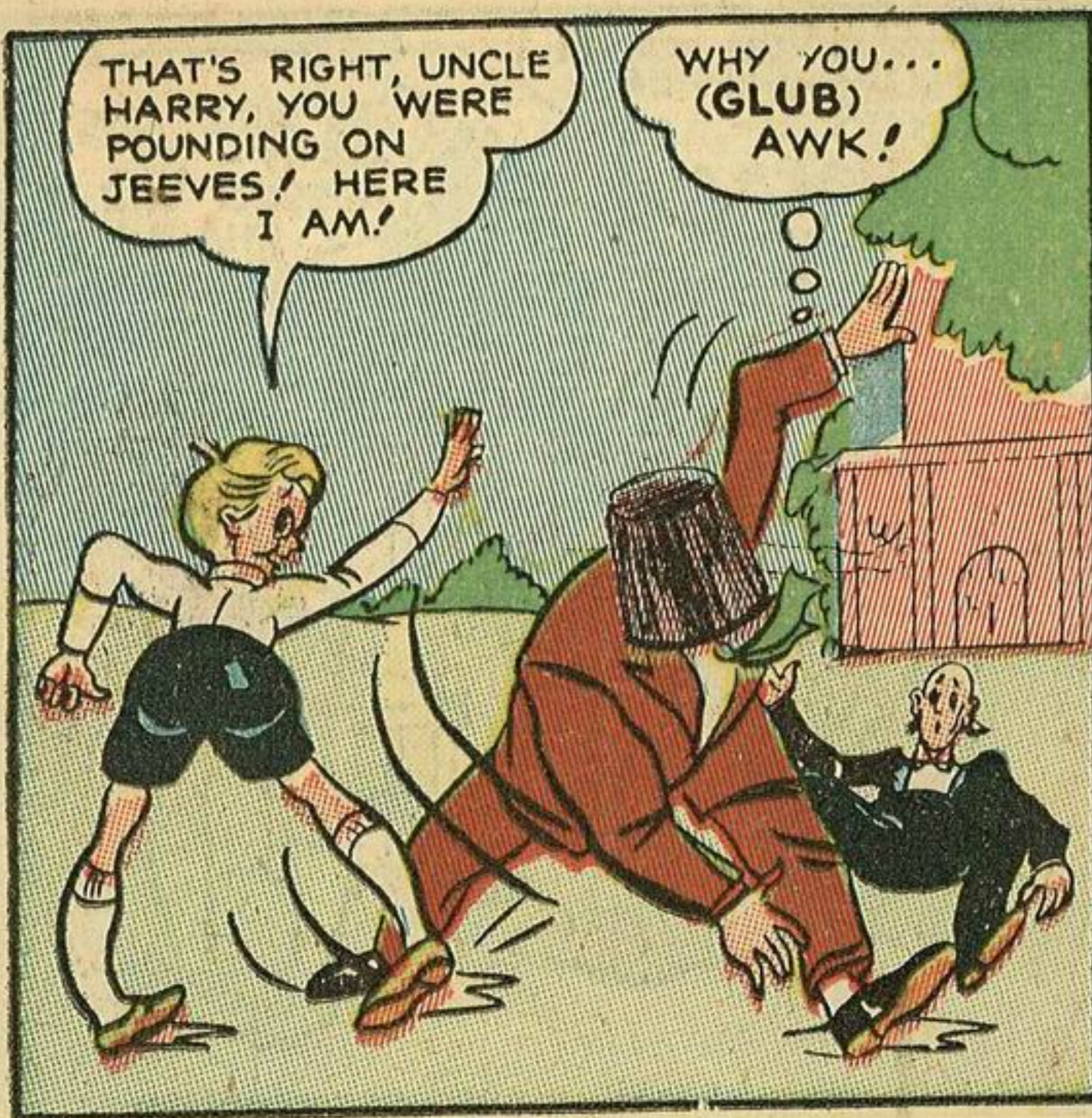
Easy? Harps and saints! Try slugging yourself in the face for ten minutes with the butt of a gun.

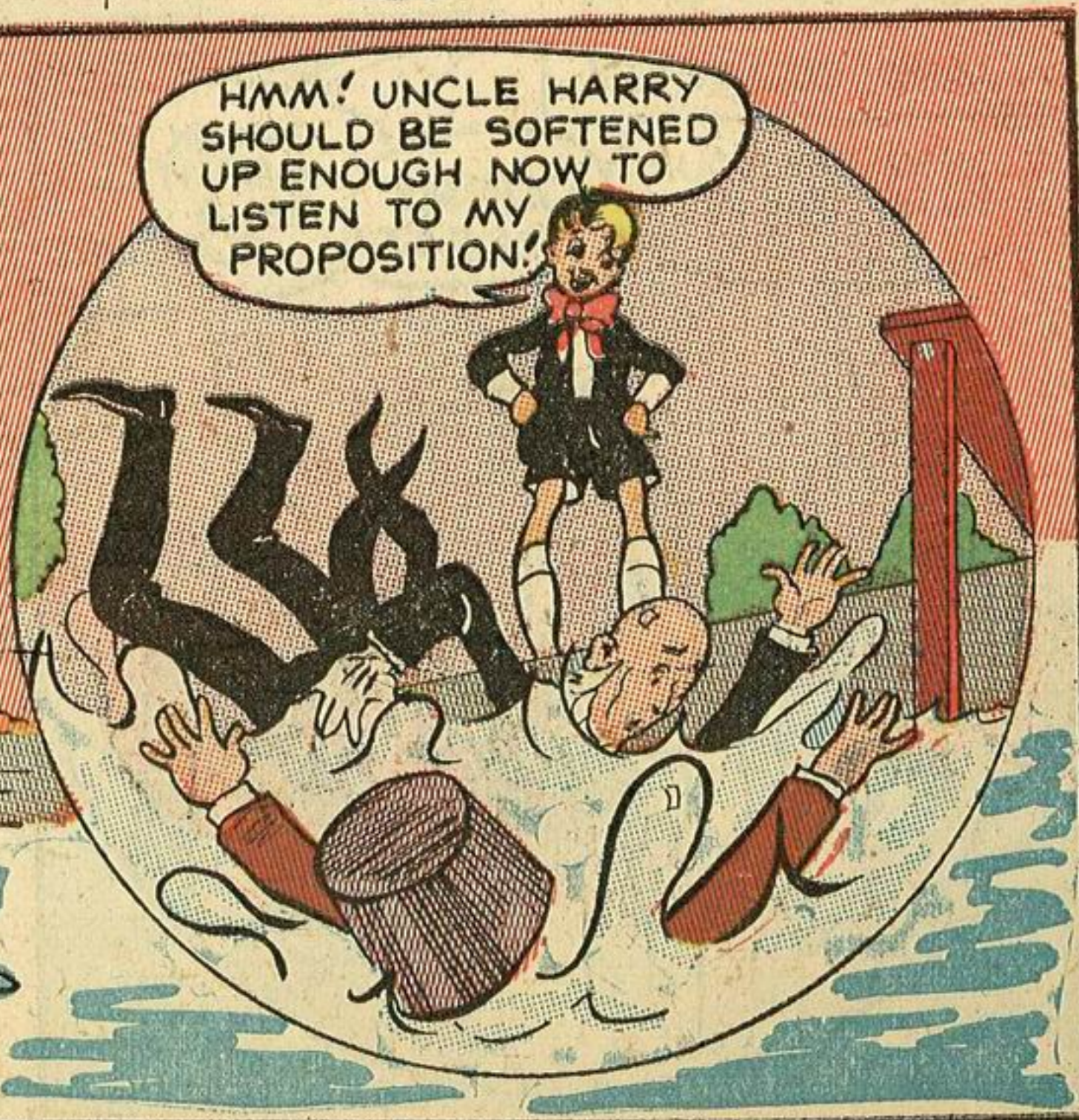
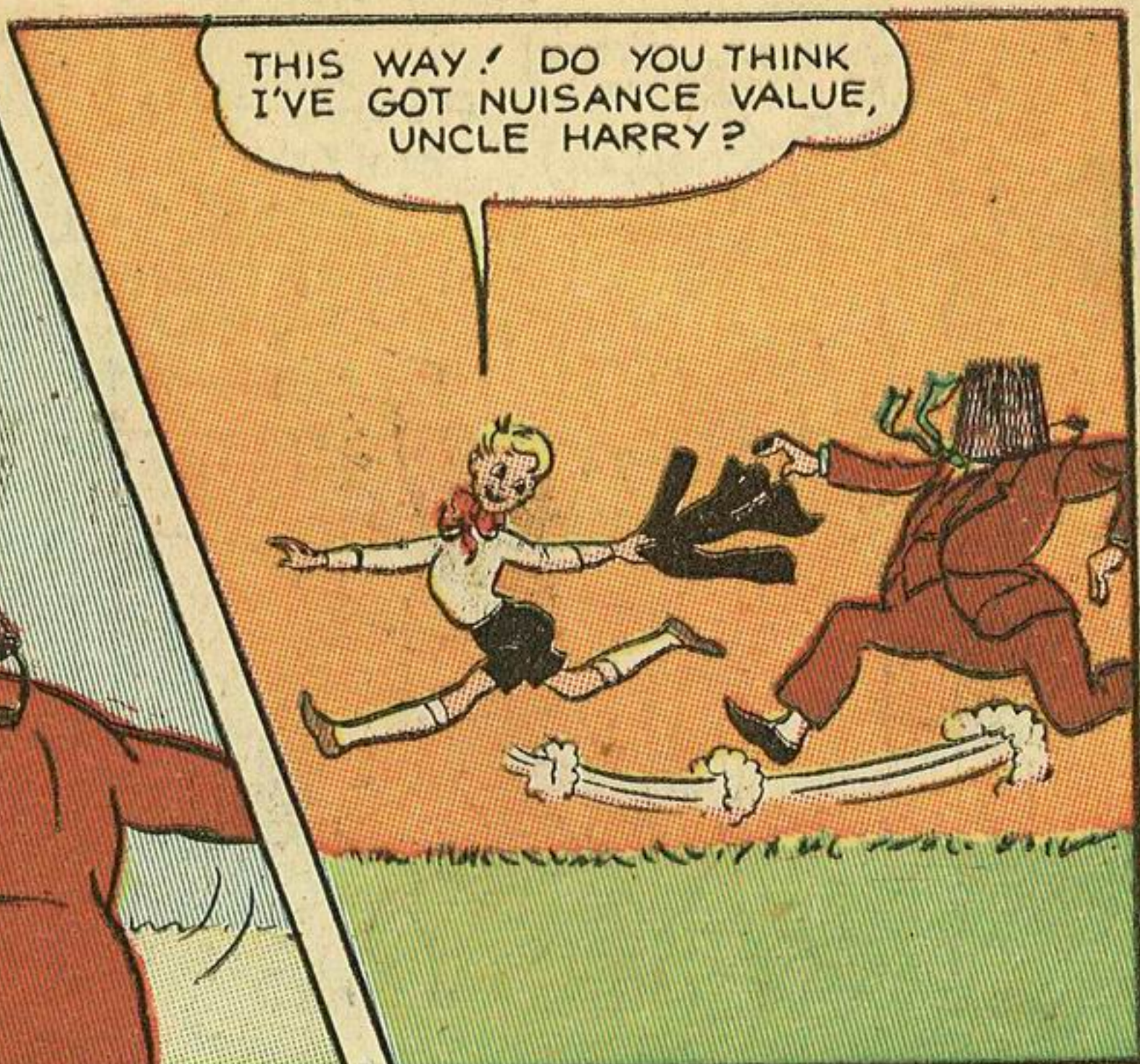
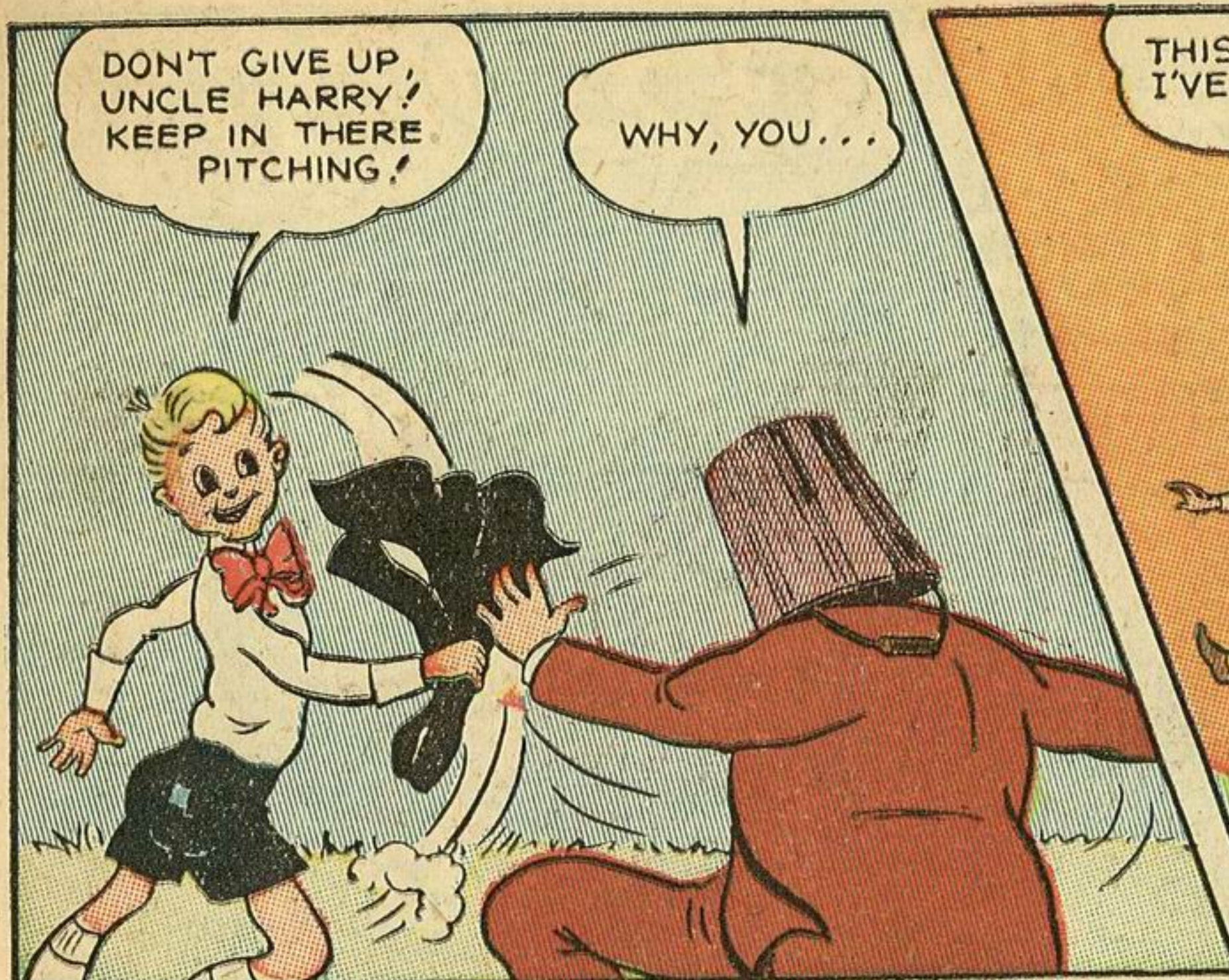
MASTER MARVIN

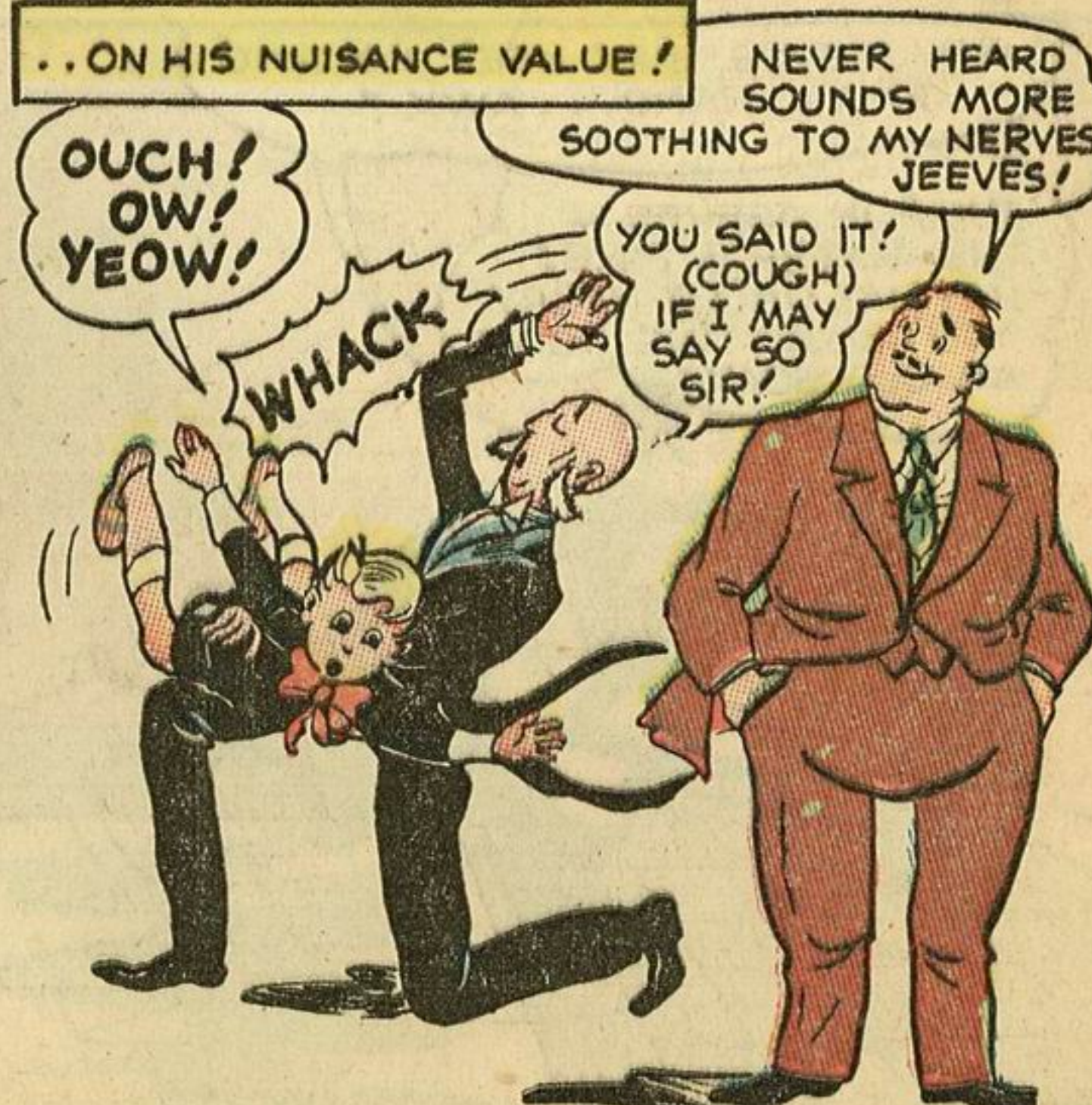
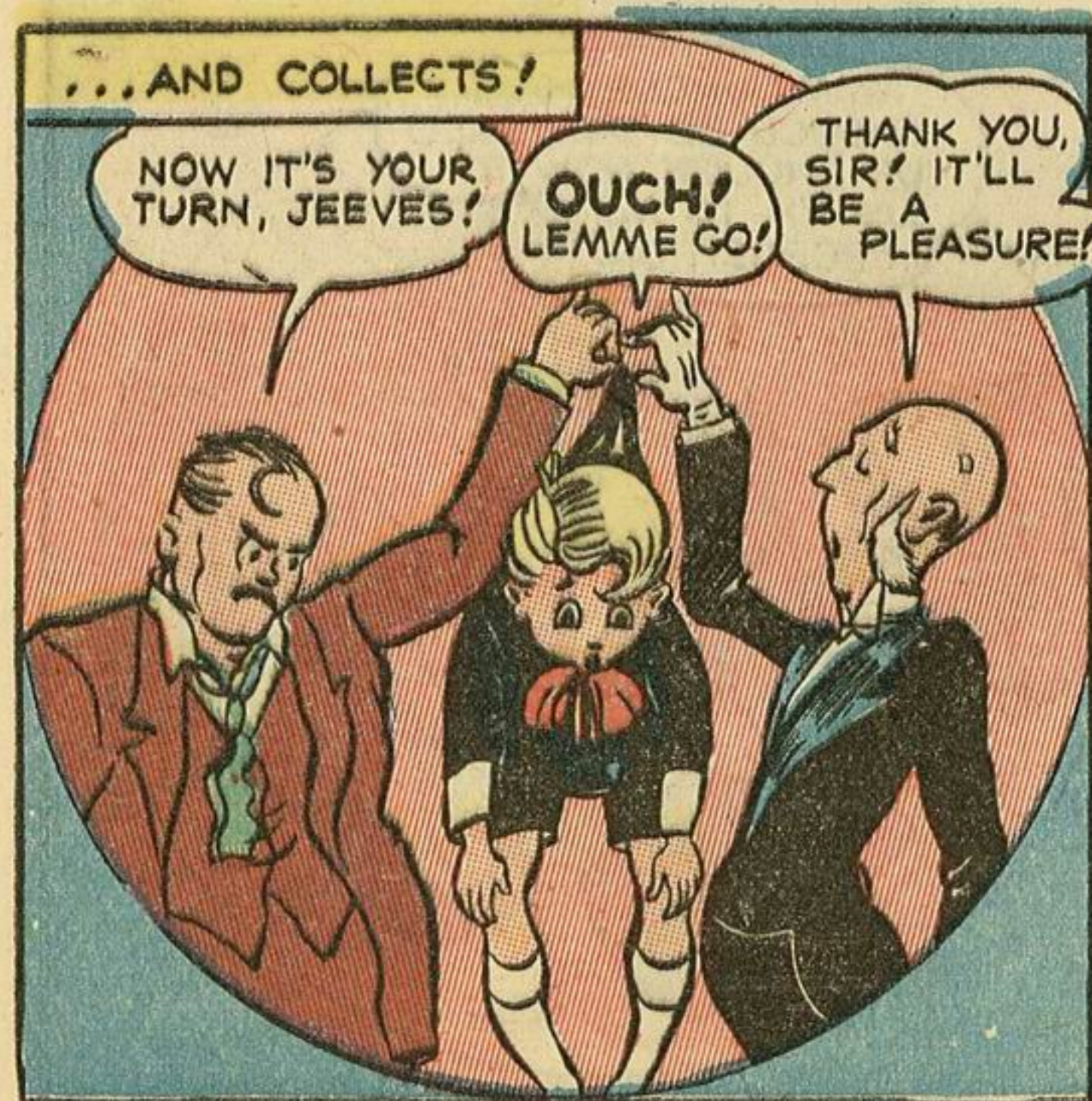
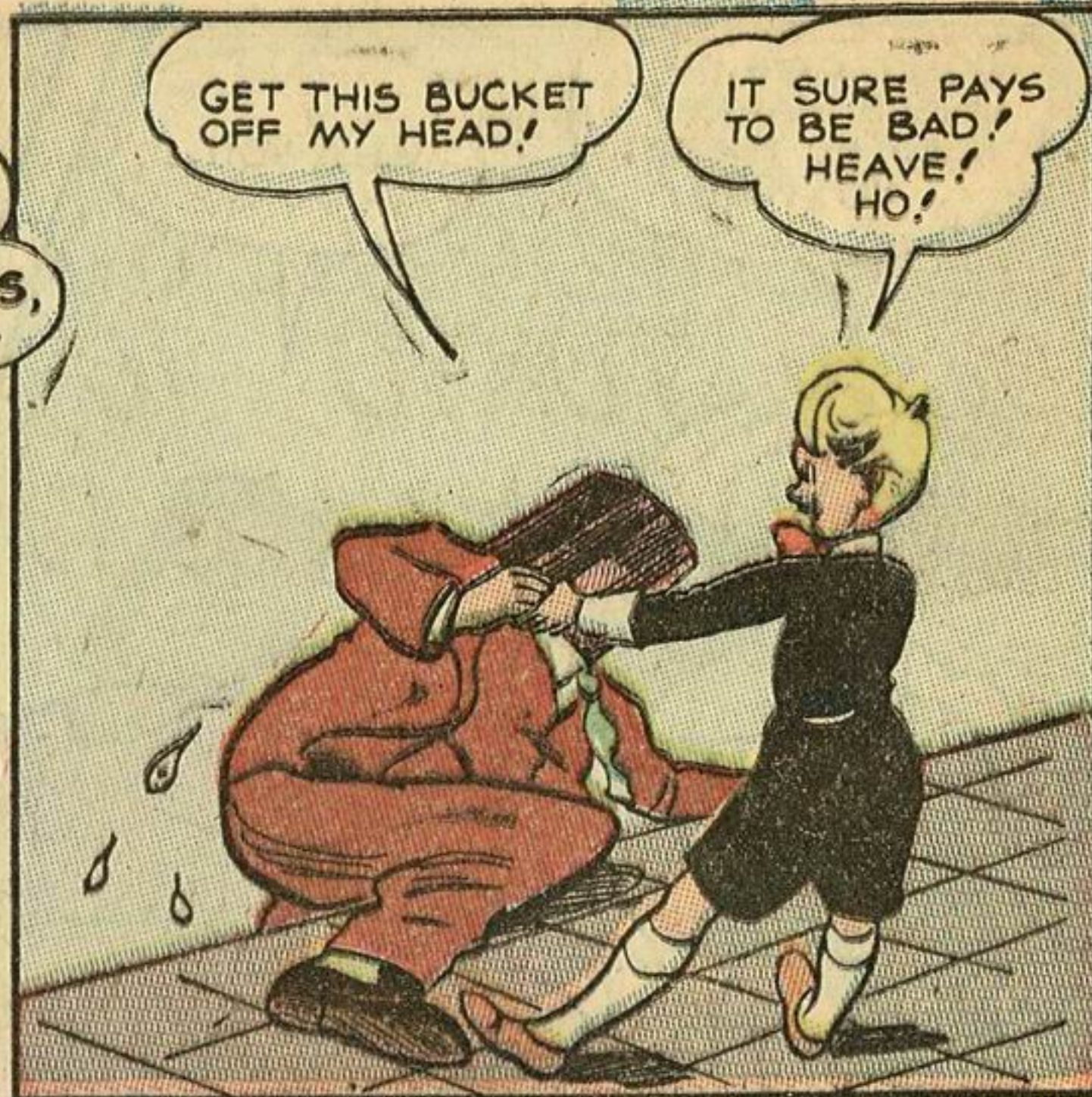












21ST BOMBER COMMAND B-29 SUPERFORTRESS DIVES 17,000 FT. OVER TOKYO TO SAVE PLANE —

ON A MISSION WHICH LASTED 17 HOURS AND 45 MINUTES, FLIGHT ENGINEER EDWARD A. MEEKER JR. OF THE BRONX, N.Y., SAID —

THE TROUBLE STARTED OVER THE TARGET, AN INDUSTRIAL AREA JUST OUTSIDE TOKYO WHEN WE WERE ATTACKED BY OVER 100 JAPS. WHILE ON THE BOMB RUN, SEVEN JAP FIGHTER PILOTS MADE A CO-ORDINATED HEAD-ON ATTACK. ONE ENGINE WAS HIT BY THREE 20 MILLIMETER SHELLS EXPLODING THE TANK WHICH FED OIL TO THE ENGINE, AND ALL THE OIL WAS LOST.

THE PROP ON THE DAMAGED ENGINE STARTED RUNNING AWAY AND THE ENGINE BURST INTO FLAME. IN AN EFFORT TO PUT OUT THE FIRE AND SPIN OFF THE PROP, WE MADE A DIVE AT MORE THAN 400 MILES PER HR. DESCENDING FROM 25,000 FT. DIRECTLY OVER TOKYO AND LEVELING OFF AT 12,000 FT. OVER TOKYO BAY. THE DIVE EXTINGUISHED THE FIRE BUT DIDN'T SPIN OFF THE PROP. THE PROP WOULDN'T FEATHER AND THE ENGINE CAUGHT FIRE AGAIN.

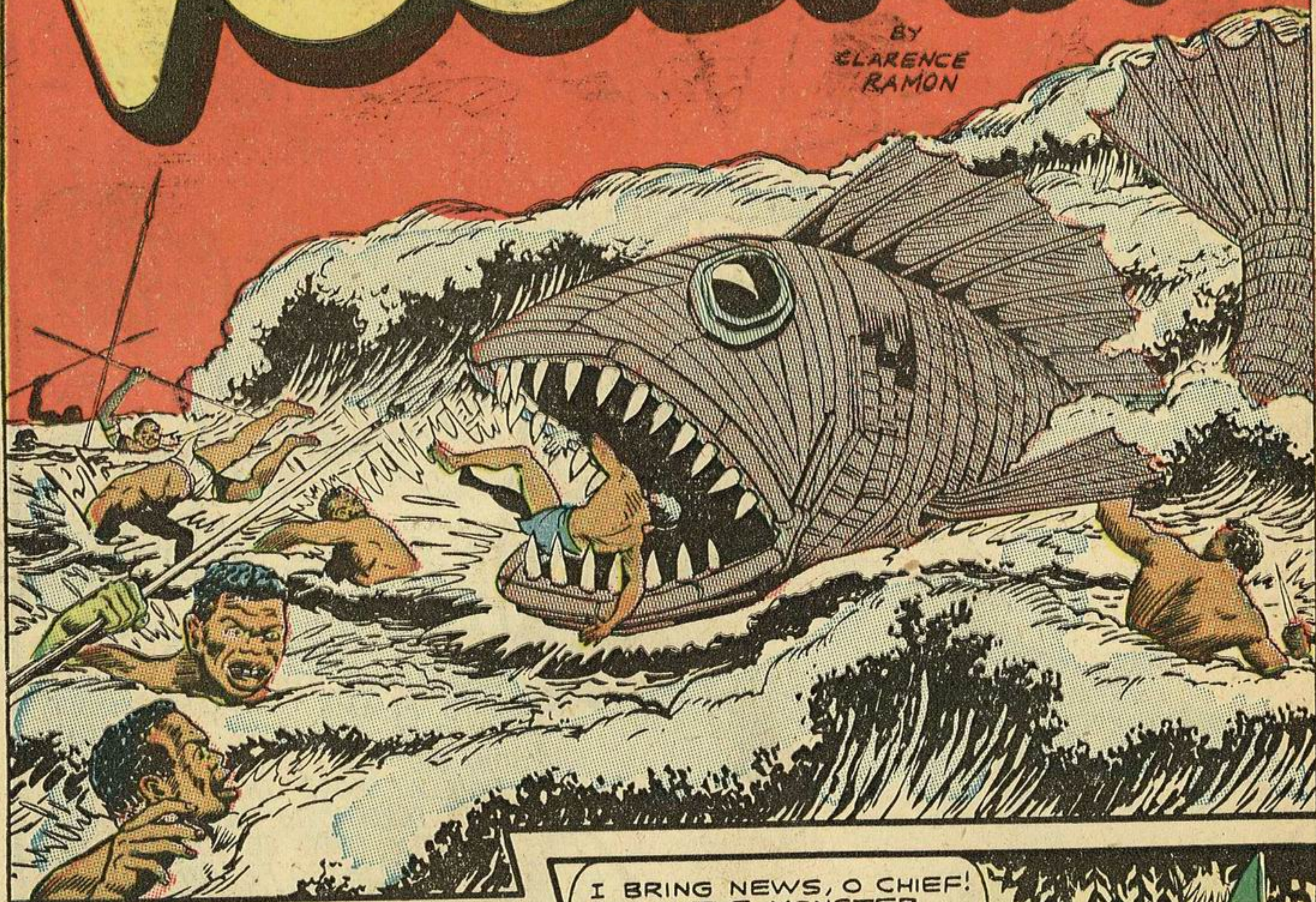
WE WERE ALL READY TO DITCH THE PLANE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF TOKYO BAY WHEN WE WENT INTO ANOTHER DIVE TO ABOUT 8,000 FT. THE FIRE WENT OUT AND THE PROP WHIRLED OFF RIPPING A HOLE IN THE FUSELAGE 10 FT. LONG AND 2 FT. WIDE.

WE MADE A CRASH LANDING AT SAIPAN. THE PLANE SPLIT IN TWO BUT WE WERE LUCKY THAT IT HELD TOGETHER WHILE IN MIDAIR. THE CREW IN THE REAR OF THE FUSELAGE HAD TO DESCEND BY SLIDING DOWN A ROPE. NO ONE WAS INJURED.

Jim Grady

VOODAH

BY
CLARENCE
RAMON



I BRING NEWS, O CHIEF!
AGAIN THE MONSTER
ATTACKED! FEW WERE
THOSE TO ESCAPE!

IT MEANS DOOM. IF
WE CANNOT CROSS
RIVER, WE CANNOT
HUNT! STARVATION
WILL DESCEND
UPON US!

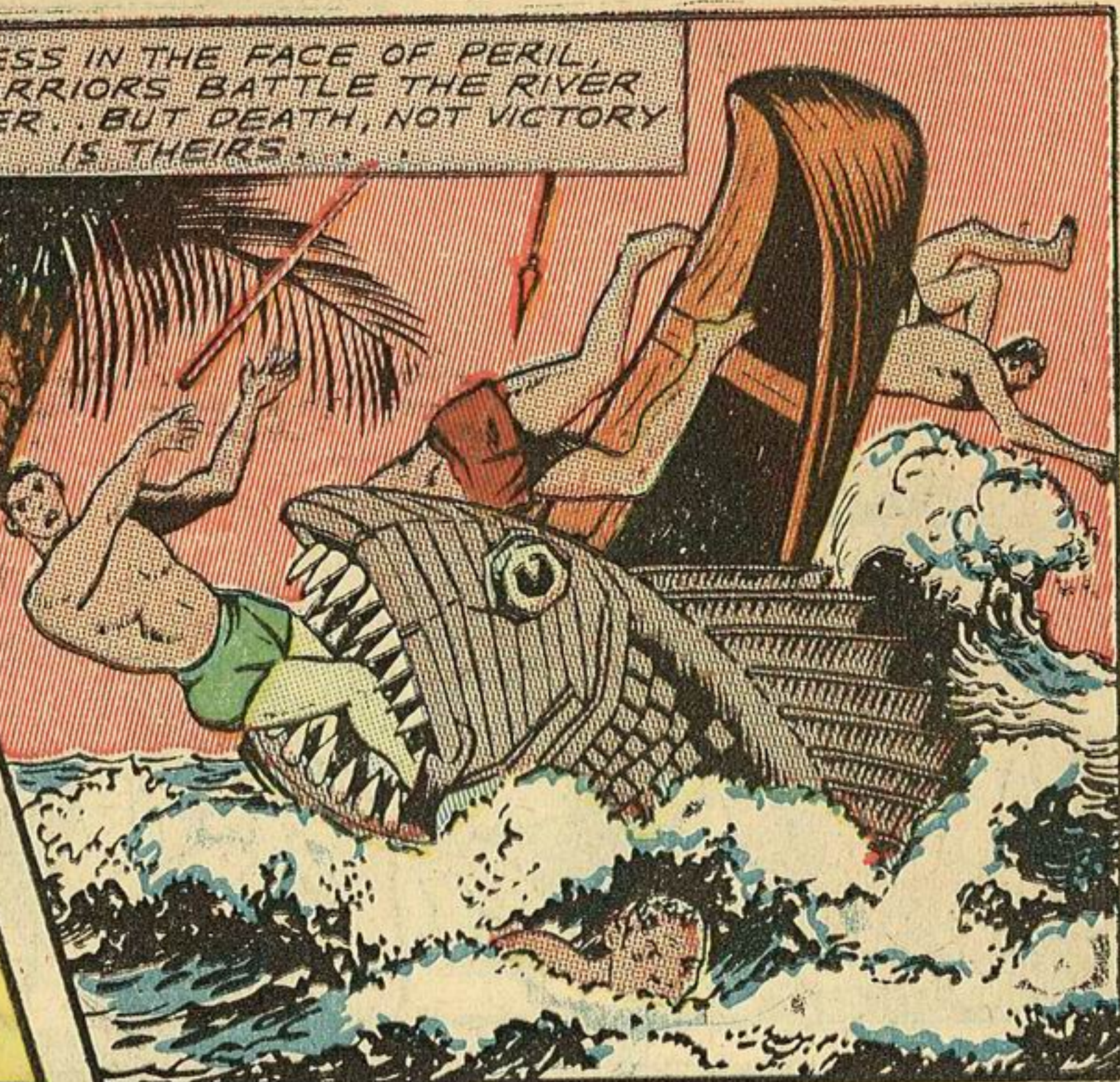
AIEEE!
HELP!





YOU MEN ARE THE MIGHTIEST WARRIORS. YOU MUST DESTROY THIS MONSTER! THE FATE OF OUR TRIBE RESTS WITH YOU!

DAUNTLESS IN THE FACE OF PERIL, THE WARRIORS BATTLE THE RIVER MONSTER. BUT DEATH, NOT VICTORY IS THEIRS.



YOU CALL UPON ME, YOUR WITCH DOCTOR FOR ADVICE. IT IS A SACRIFICE ALONE THAT WILL SAVE US. OUR COST IS... TWANA!

MY DAUGHTER! NO... NO SACRIFICE! I WILL NOT PERMIT IT!



BE BRAVE, MY FATHER. IT IS MY DUTY... I AM READY.

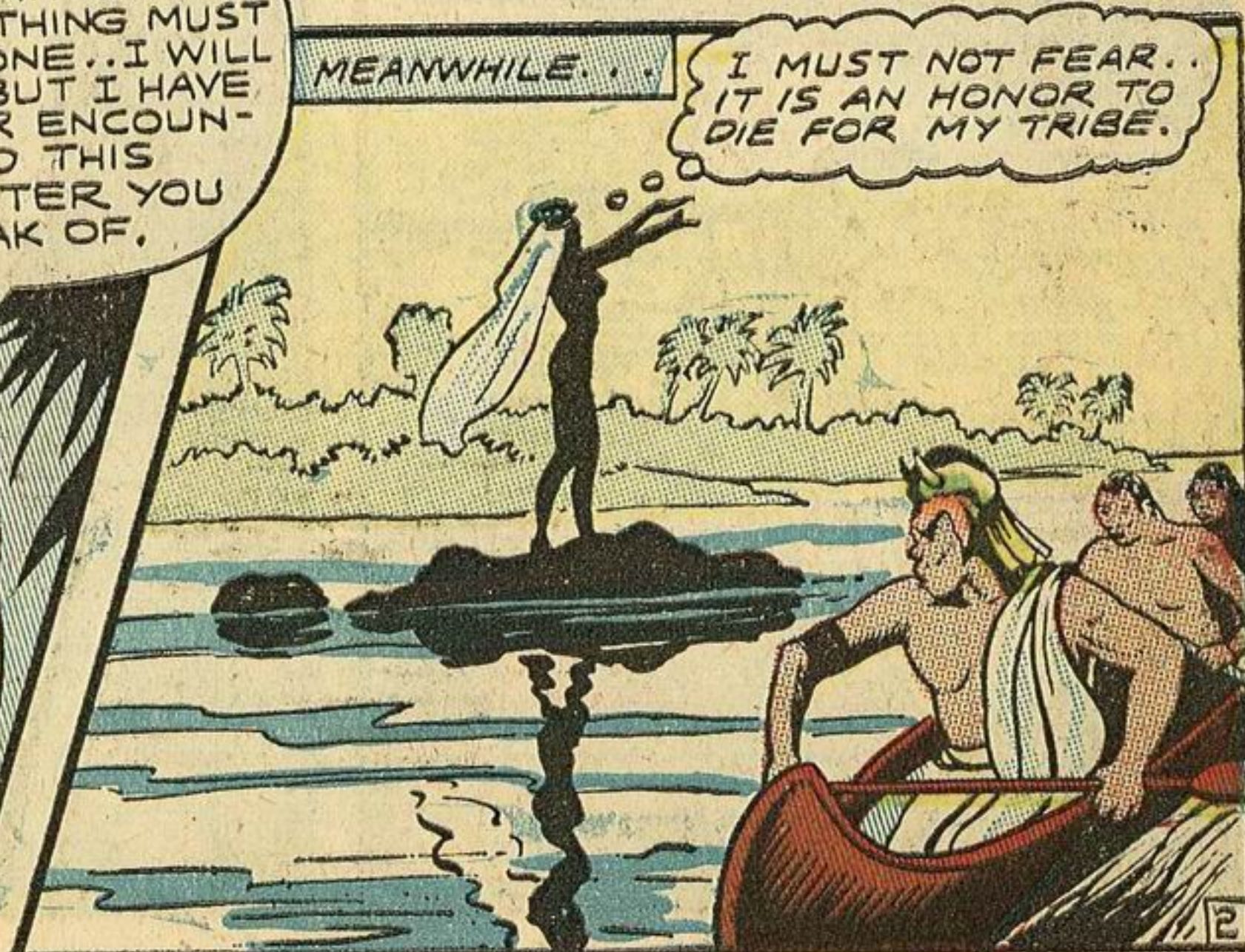
GO, AGED ONE, AND INFORM VOODAH I WOULD COUNSEL WITH HIM. BE FLEET, LEST YOUR DELAY COST MY DAUGHTER HER LIFE!



THAT VERY NIGHT...

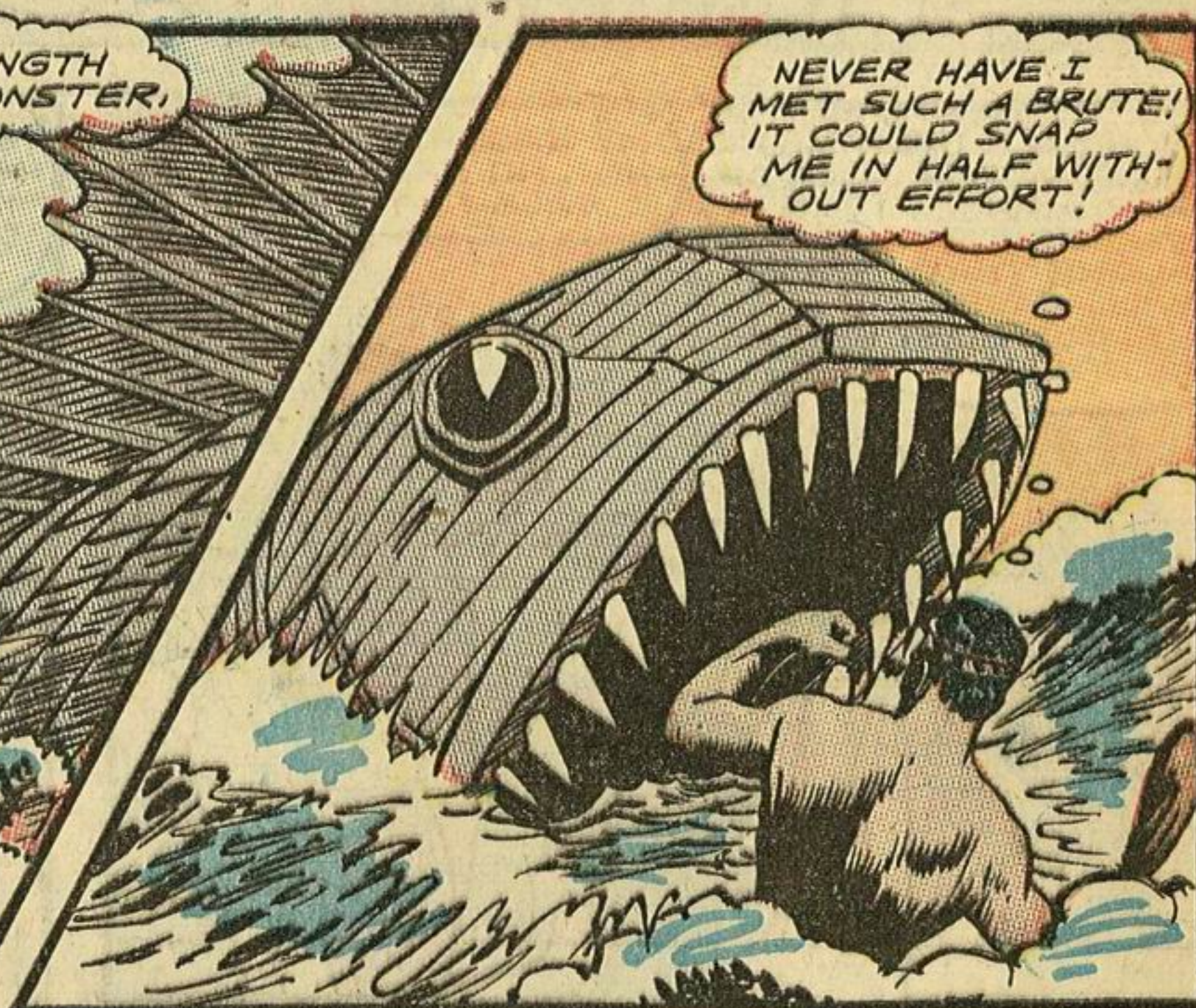
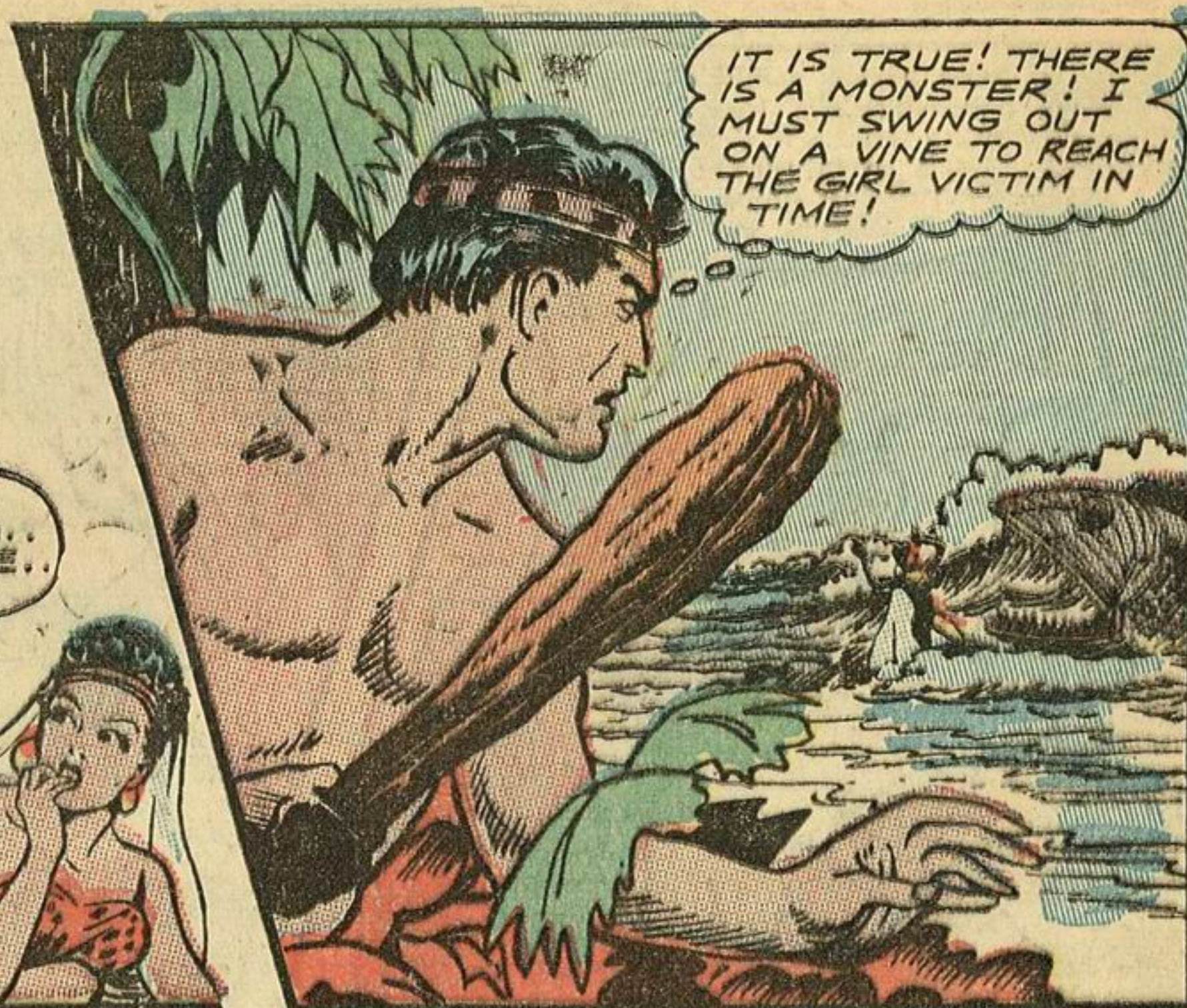
YOU ARE A FRIEND OF MY PEOPLE, VOODAH. I IMPORE YOUR HELP. TWANA GOES TO MEET THE MONSTER NOW!

THIS NEWS IS GRAVE INDEED. SOMETHING MUST BE DONE... I WILL TRY, BUT I HAVE NEVER ENCOUNTERED THIS MONSTER YOU SPEAK OF.



MEANWHILE...

I MUST NOT FEAR. IT IS AN HONOR TO DIE FOR MY TRIBE.





THIS WILL LOCK
YOUR DEATH-
DEALING JAWS,
EVIL ONE!



HE TURNED
FROM YOU!
YOU HAVE
CONQUERED
HIM!

NOT YET,
FAIR ONE..
BUT I WILL
SOON!

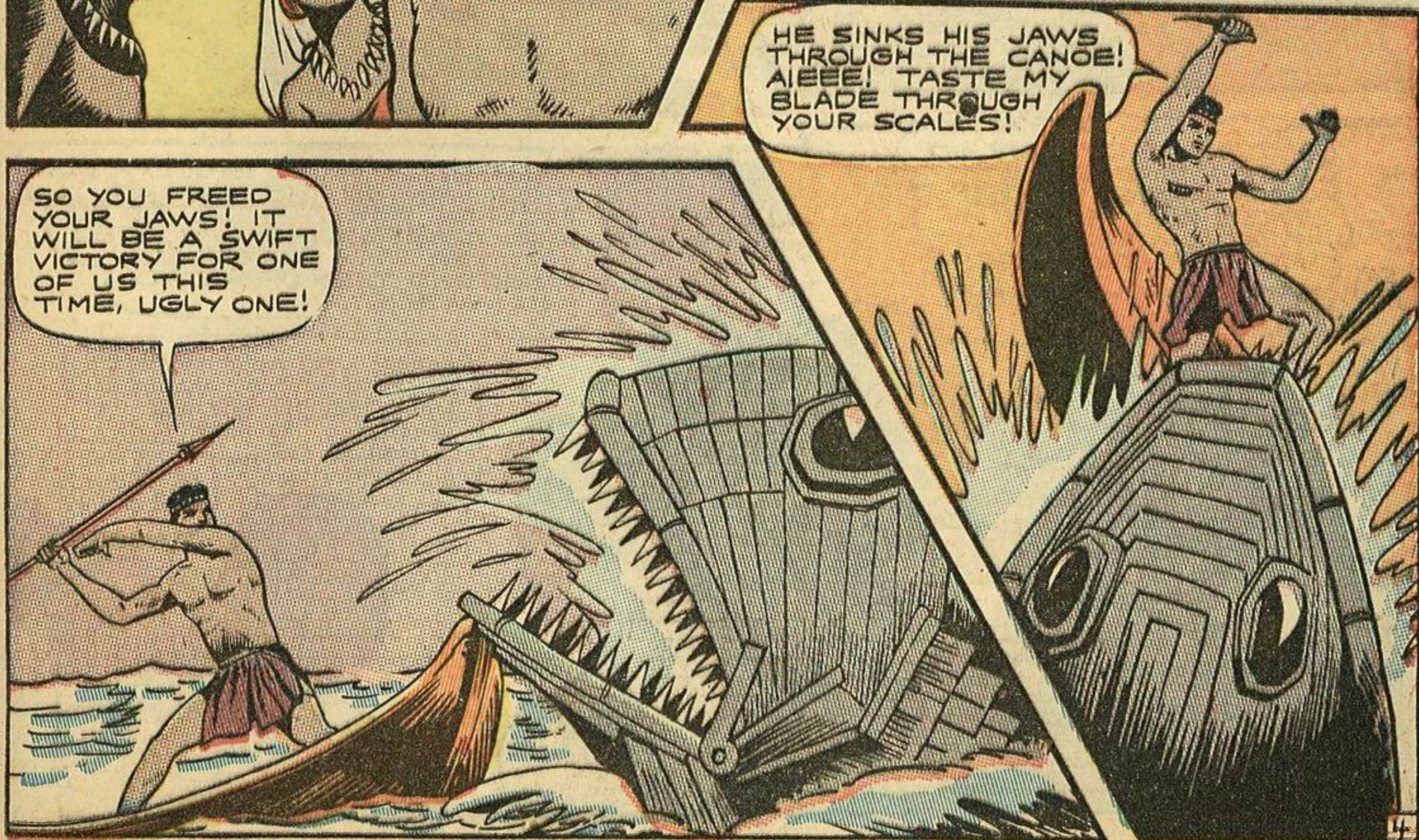


HUMBLE
THANKS,
VOODAH,
MY FRIEND.

I HAVE NOT EARNED
THANKS. A DUTY
HALF DONE IS NOT
DONE AT ALL.. I
MUST SLAY THE
MONSTER. MAKE
READY A CANOE.

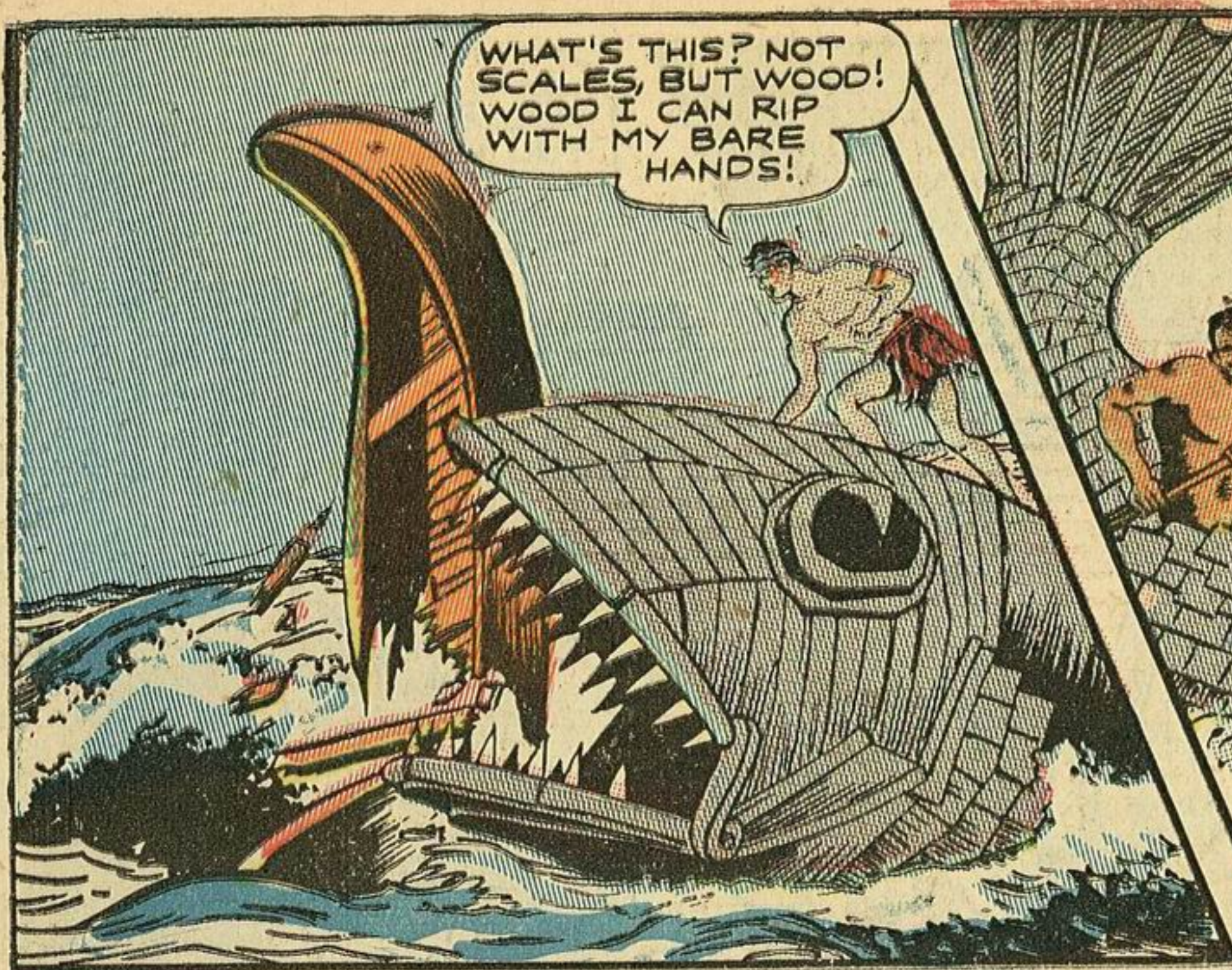


THIS TIME WE
SHALL SEE
WHO IS TO LIVE,
THE MONSTER
OR VOODAH!

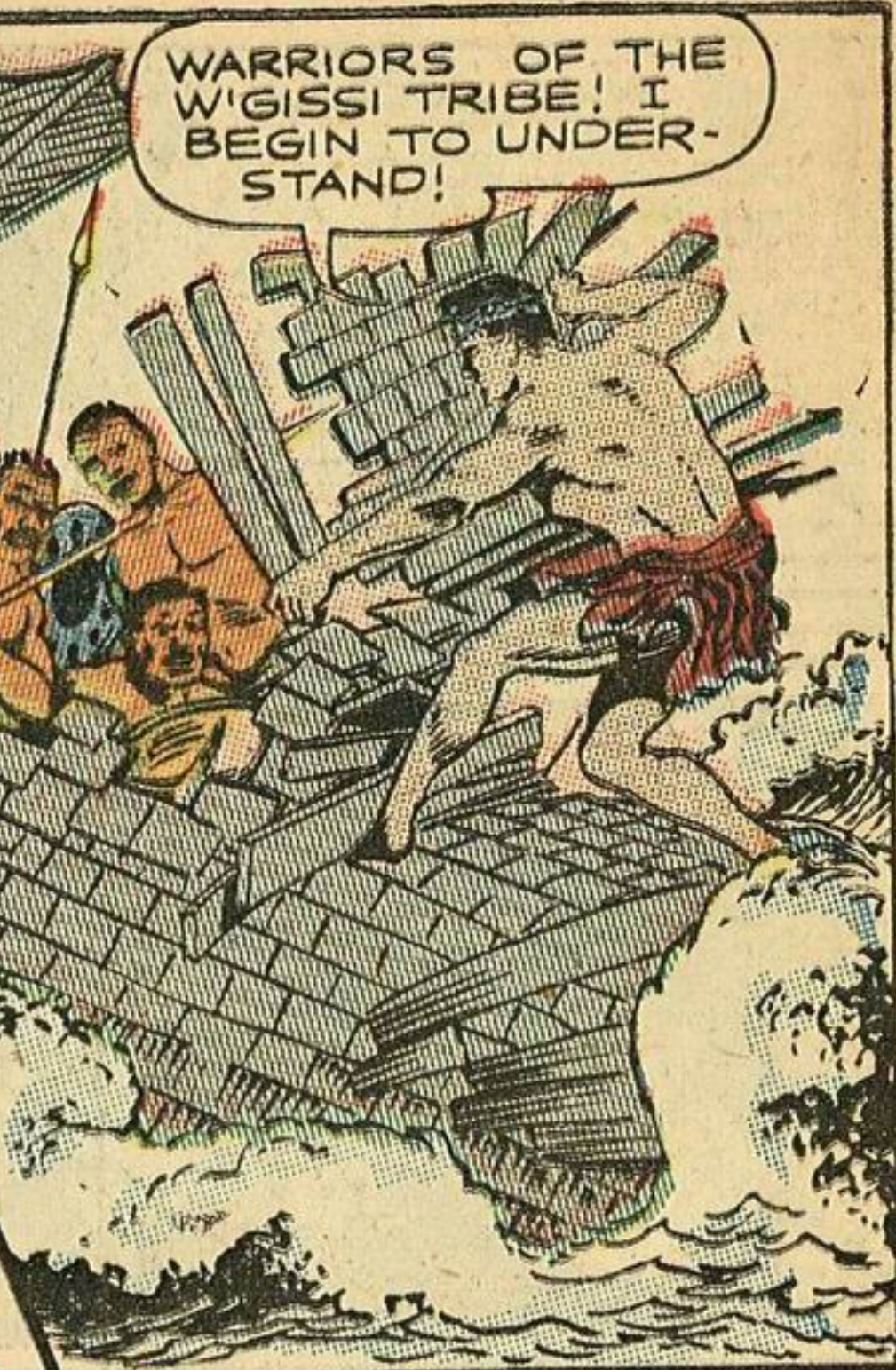


HE SINKS HIS JAWS
THROUGH THE CANOE!
AIEEE! TASTE MY
BLADE THROUGH
YOUR SCALES!

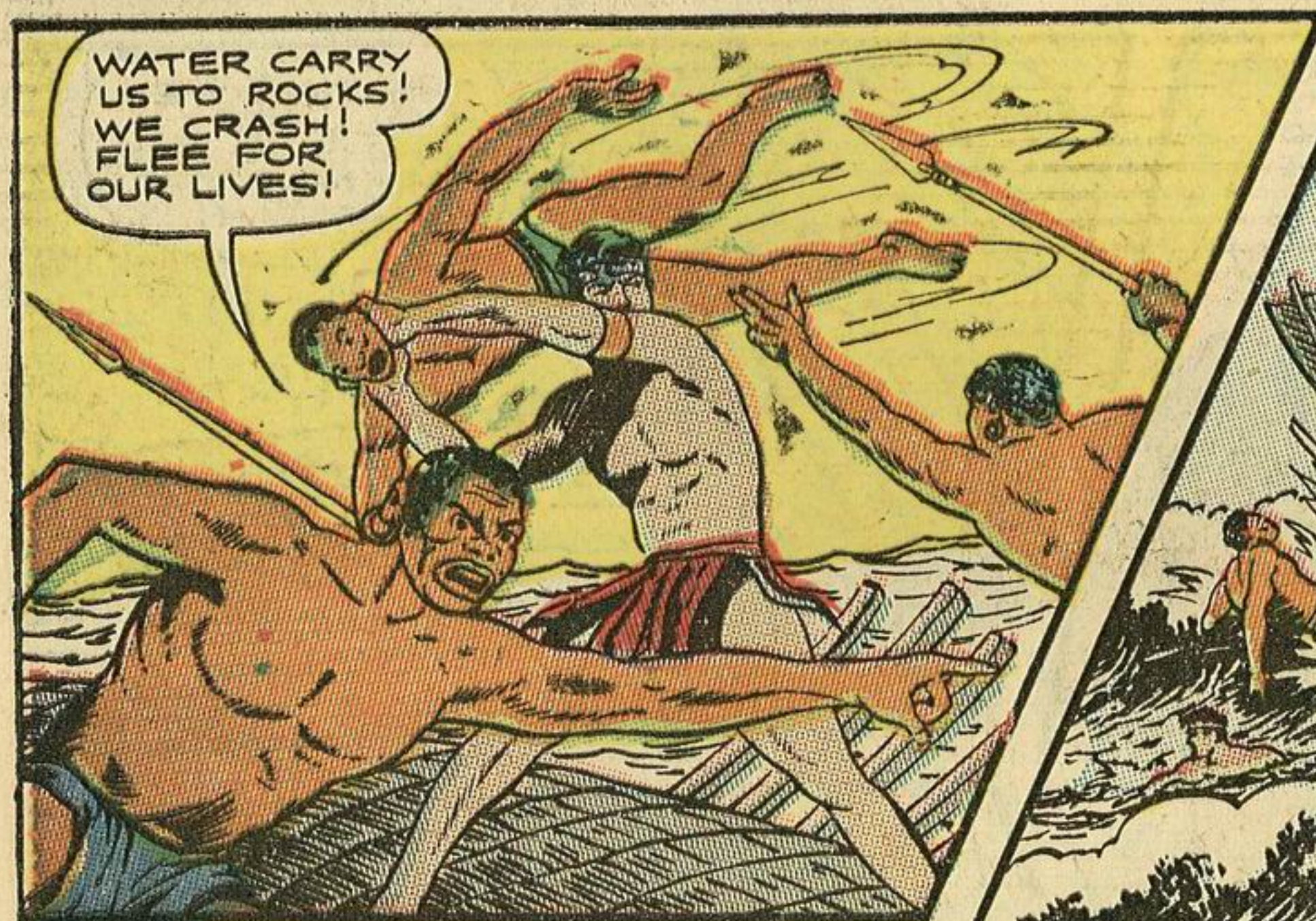
SO YOU FREED
YOUR JAWS! IT
WILL BE A SWIFT
VICTORY FOR ONE
OF US THIS
TIME, UGLY ONE!



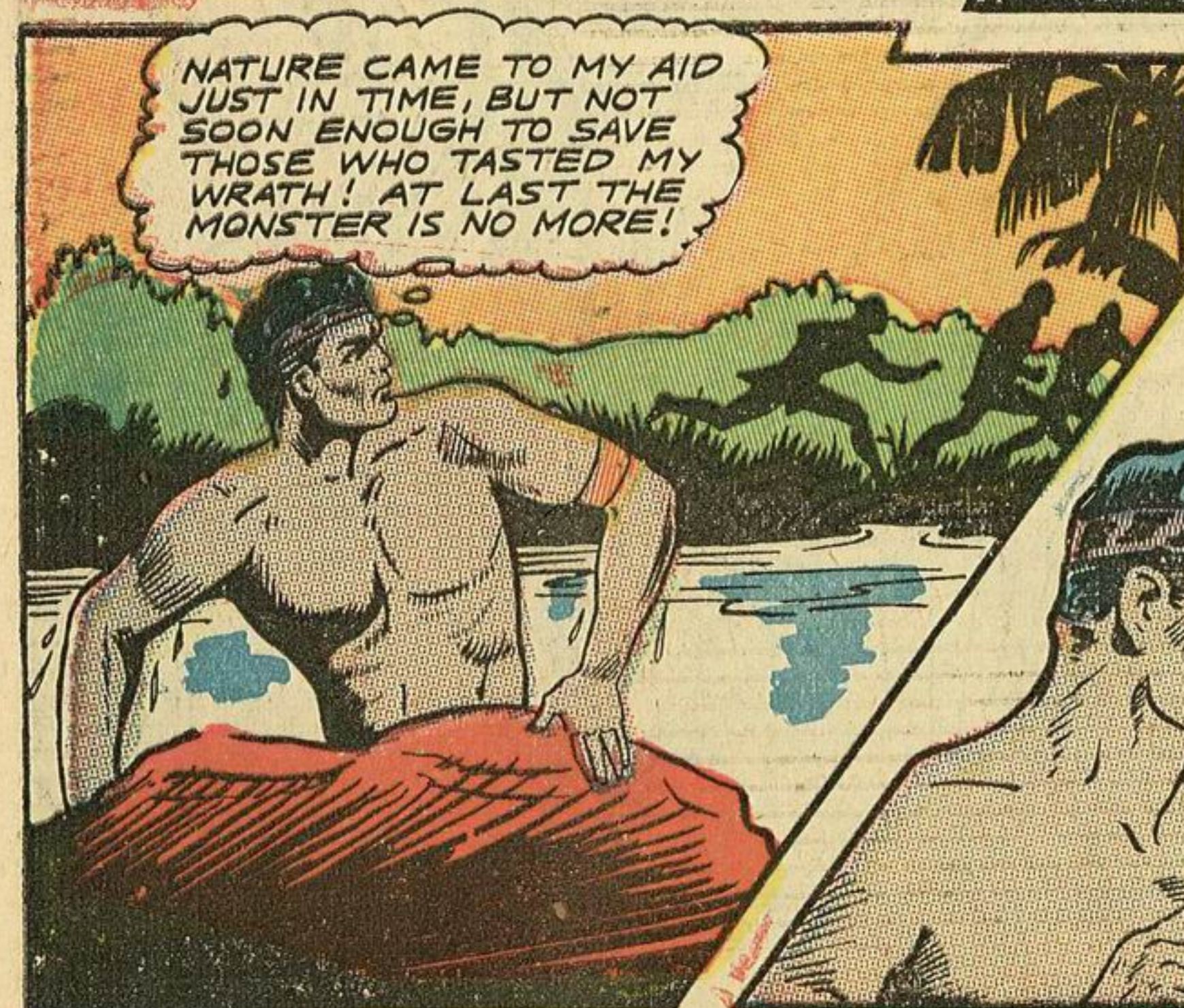
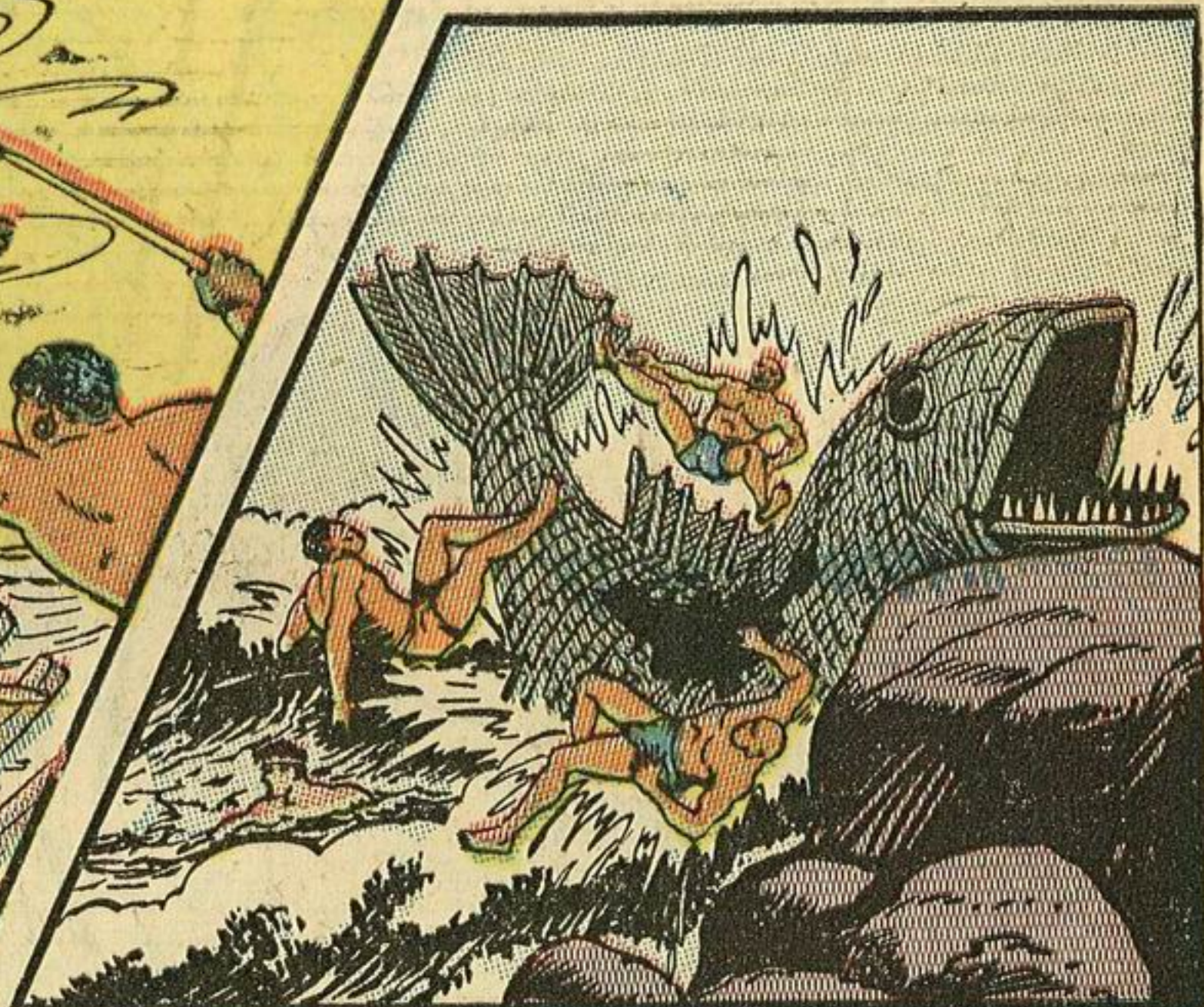
WHAT'S THIS? NOT
SCALES, BUT WOOD!
WOOD I CAN RIP
WITH MY BARE
HANDS!



WARRIORS OF THE
W'GISSI TRIBE! I
BEGIN TO UNDER-
STAND!



WATER CARRY
US TO ROCKS!
WE CRASH!
FLEE FOR
OUR LIVES!



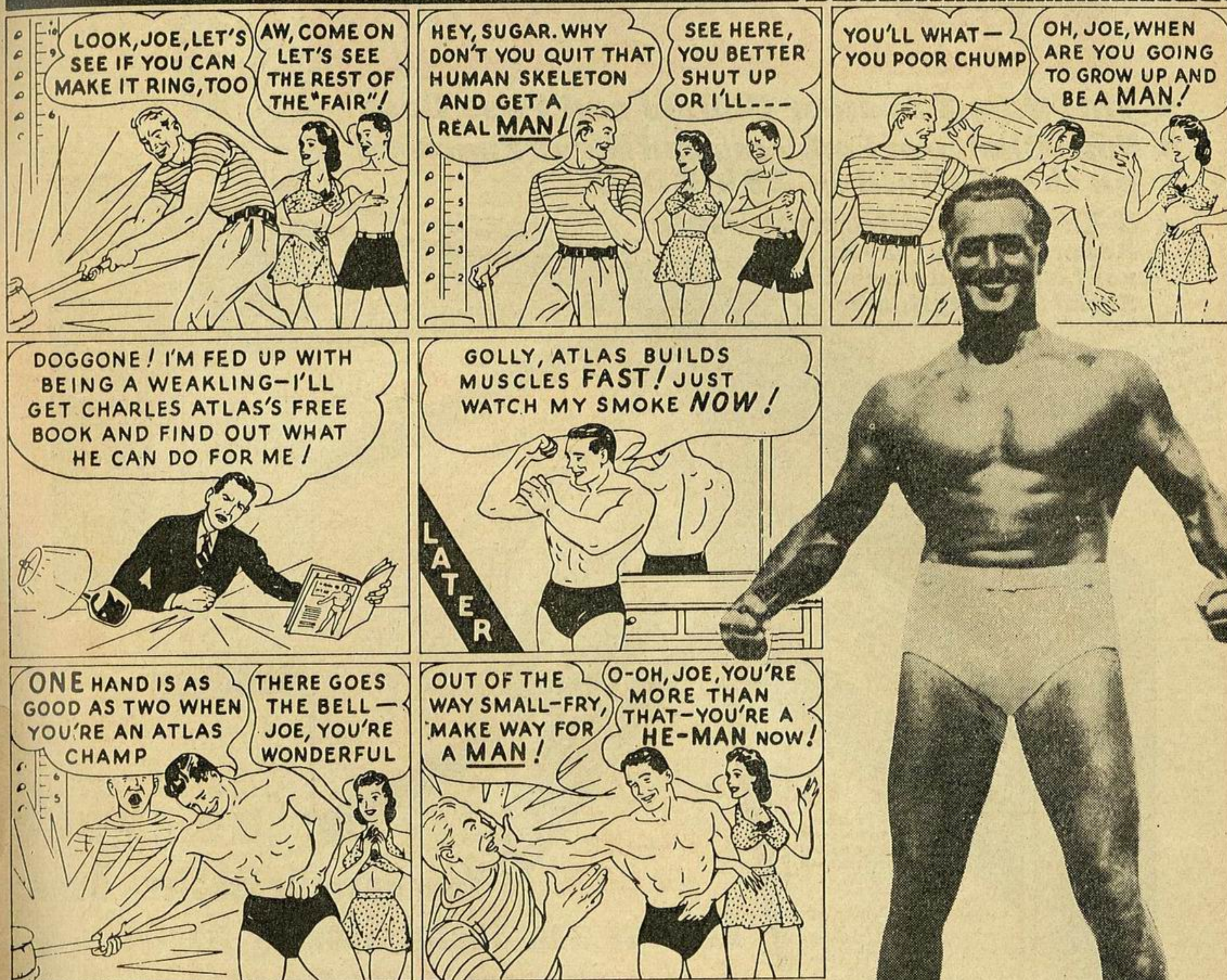
NATURE CAME TO MY AID
JUST IN TIME, BUT NOT
SOON ENOUGH TO SAVE
THOSE WHO TASTED MY
WRATH! AT LAST THE
MONSTER IS NO MORE!

THEIR EVIL CUNNING IS CLEAR NOW.
THEY WANTED THE HUNTING
GROUNDS FOR THEMSELVES SO
THEY CONSTRUCTED A WOODEN
MONSTER WITH SHARPENED
FANGS AND THEY OPERATED
FROM WITHIN...

AIEE! YOU ARE MODEST.
NONE BUT YOU WOULD
HAVE BEEN BRAVE
ENOUGH TO RID THE
JUNGLE OF
SUCH EVIL.

FATHER
IS RIGHT,
VOODAH.

The Insult "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with having bigger huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with redblooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 87-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

You Get Results FAST

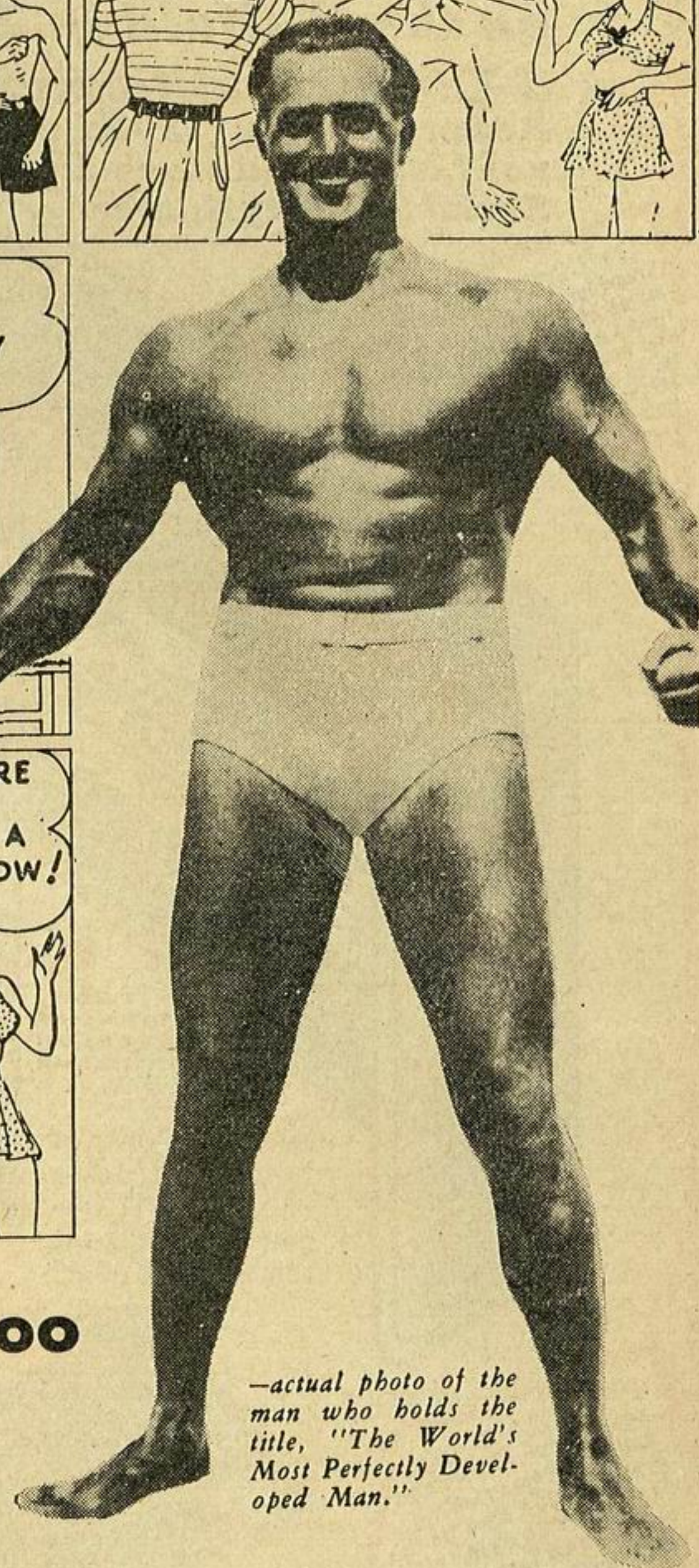
Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear

head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Department 7511, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, New York.



—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 7511,
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

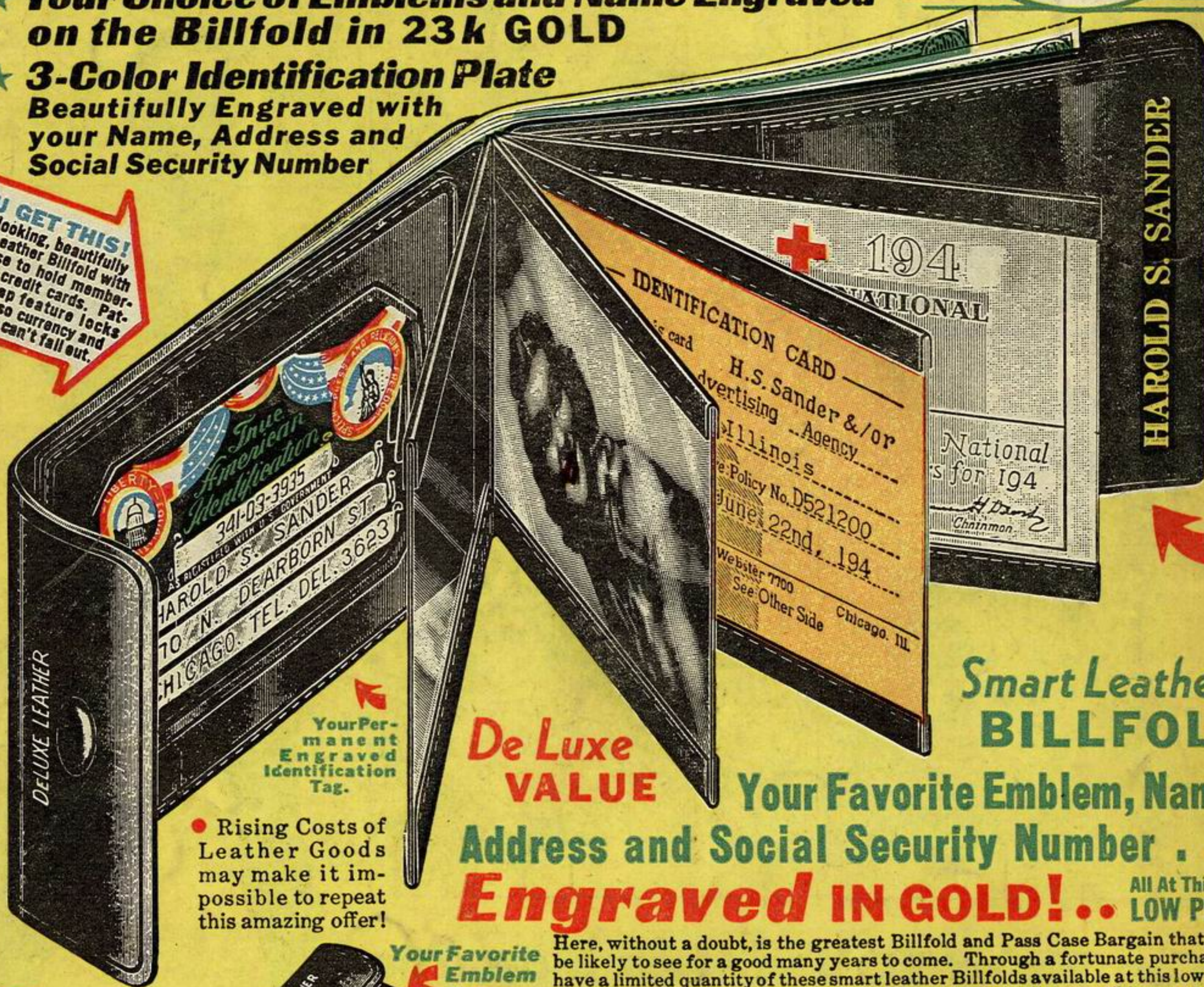
Here's the Greatest BILLFOLD BARGAIN in all America!

3 BIG VALUES in ONE

All for only
\$1.98

- ★ This Smart Leather Billfold and Pass Case
- ★ Your Choice of Emblems and Name Engraved on the Billfold in 23k GOLD
- ★ 3-Color Identification Plate Beautifully Engraved with your Name, Address and Social Security Number

YOU GET THIS!
Smart looking, beautifully styled Leather Billfold with Pass Case to hold membership and credit cards. Patented snap feature locks securely so currency and valuables can't fall out.



HAROLD S. SANDER

YOUR NAME ENGRAVED HERE!

Your Permanent Engraved Identification Tag.

De Luxe VALUE

Smart Leather BILLFOLD

Your Favorite Emblem, Name, Address and Social Security Number . . . Engraved IN GOLD! . . . All At This One LOW PRICE

• Rising Costs of Leather Goods may make it impossible to repeat this amazing offer!

Your Favorite Emblem Here



Your Full Name Here



NOTE: No C. O. D. Orders to Canada
ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10

Here, without a doubt, is the greatest Billfold and Pass Case Bargain that you'll be likely to see for a good many years to come. Through a fortunate purchase we have a limited quantity of these smart leather Billfolds available at this low price. If you have shopped around, you know that it is virtually impossible to get a good leather Billfold of this type beautifully engraved in gold with your Lodge Emblem or Army, Navy, Marine or Air Corps Insignia and Name at this sensational low price. In addition we also send you a specially designed 3-color Emergency Identification Plate, on which we engrave your Social Security Number, your Name and your Address. This smart Leather Billfold must actually be seen to be fully appreciated. Besides the spacious compartment at the back which can be used for currency, checks, papers, etc., it has 4 pockets each protected by celluloid to prevent the soiling of your valuable membership and credit cards. This handsome Billfold has the sturdy appearance and style usually found in costlier Billfolds.

Due to difficulty in obtaining good leather because of war conditions, the supply of these Billfolds is limited. Remember, you get 3 Big Values for only \$1.98. So rush your order today! If after receiving your Engraved Billfold, you don't positively agree that this is the most outstanding bargain you ever came across, return it and we'll refund the money.

RUSH THIS COUPON for THIS ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME BARGAIN!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 3019
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

If you want a LODGE, ARMY, or NAVY INSIGNIA, state name here.
☐ I enclose \$1.98, plus new 20% Federal Tax (total \$2.37). Please send me prepaid a Smart Leather Billfold with my name and favorite Emblem engraved in 23k Gold. You are also to include the Emergency Identification Plate carrying my Full Name, Address, Social Security No

MY FULL NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ Check here if you want us to ship the above C O D. for only \$1.98 plus 20% Tax, postage and C O. D. charges. • Social Security Number _____

Rush Your Order! OUR SUPPLY OF LEATHER BILLFOLDS IS LIMITED!